

Shadow

COMICS

MAY 1949
VOL. 9 NO. 2

10¢



Buffalo Bill Rides Again...

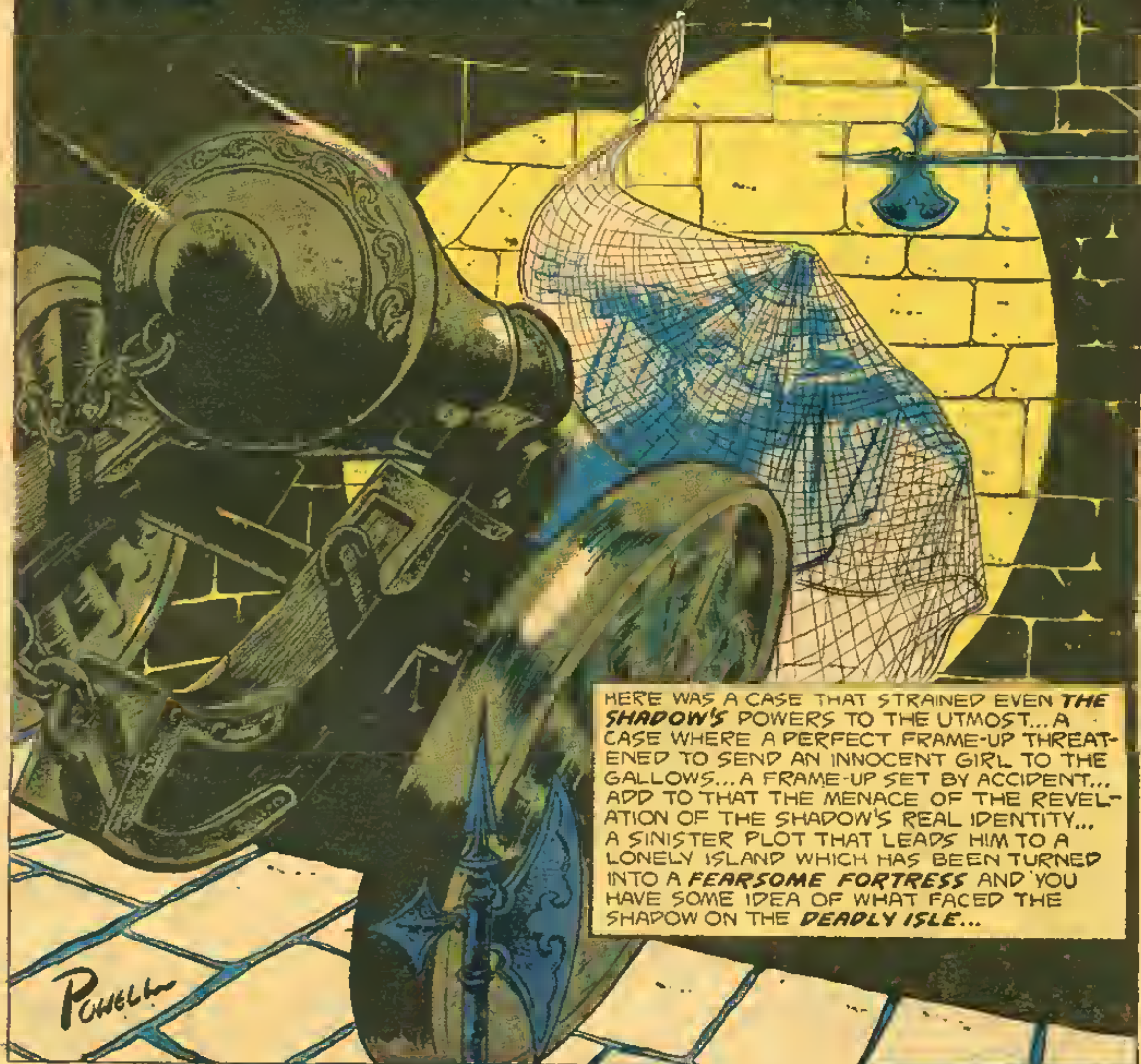
... in
America's
newest
western
comic
book



William F. Cody, known to every generation as Buffalo Bill—pioneer, buffalo hunter, indian scout, soldier, marksman, horseman—moves across the pages of history as a living legend. His name, and the hundreds of accounts of his bravery—forever new, forever exciting—are brought to life for you in this brand new comic book. **WATCH FOR IT** on your newsstand!

THE SHADOW

THE DEADLY ISLE



HERE WAS A CASE THAT STRAINED EVEN **THE SHADOW'S** POWERS TO THE UTMOST... A CASE WHERE A PERFECT FRAME-UP THREATENED TO SEND AN INNOCENT GIRL TO THE GALLOWS... A FRAME-UP SET BY ACCIDENT... ADD TO THAT THE MENACE OF THE REVELATION OF THE SHADOW'S REAL IDENTITY... A SINISTER PLOT THAT LEADS HIM TO A LONELY ISLAND WHICH HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A **FEARSOME FORTRESS** AND YOU HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHAT Faced THE SHADOW ON THE **DEADLY ISLE**...

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LAMONT, YOU ARE THE **STRANGEST** MAN THAT EVER WAS...AN HOUR AGO I WAS ALL SET TO CURL UP WITH A GOOD BOOK...AND THEN A PARTY...

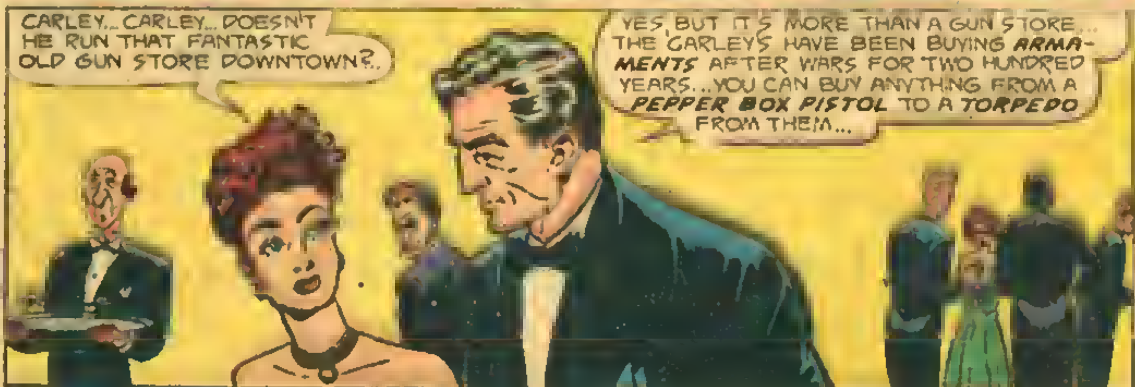
I HAD NO MORE WARNING THAN YOU, MARGO, OR YOU COULD HAVE SPENT THE DAY IN THE BEAUTY PARLOR, NOT THAT YOU NEED IT...



WHAT A POLITE WAY TO TELL ME THAT I LOOK LIKE A FRIGHT! I'M SURPRISED HE DIDN'T ASK ME TO RIDE A BROOM... WE'RE HERE ON BUSINESS, MARGO, SO KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN...



MR. CRANSTON... SO GLAD YOU COULD COME...I RECEIVED ANOTHER THREAT... MEET ME IN MY DEN IN TEN MINUTES... MR. CARLEY, NICE SEEING YOU... VERY WELL...



CARLEY... CARLEY... DOESN'T HE RUN THAT FANTASTIC OLD GUN STORE DOWNTOWN?

YES, BUT IT'S MORE THAN A GUN STORE... THE GARLEYS HAVE BEEN BUYING **ARMAMENTS** AFTER WARS FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS... YOU CAN BUY ANYTHING FROM A **PEPPER BOX PISTOL** TO A **TORPEDO** FROM THEM...



DAN BARROW... HERE? WHAT GALL! THE MAN'S NERVE IS AMAZING... MARGO... GO TO CARLEY'S DEN AND TELL HIM I'VE SPOTTED **BARROW?** WHY BARROW AND WILL HE JUST GOT OUT OF THE STATE PEN! HE'S ON PAROLE!... BE DELAYED... OF THE STATE PEN!...



IF THAT ISN'T JUST LIKE A MAN... GO TO CARLEY'S DEN... I DON'T HAVE THE **VAGUEST** IDEA WHERE IT IS!...

MAY I BE OF HELP, MISS?...

TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO THE **OF THE SHADOW**

WHAT DID YOU DO, POP UP OUT OF A CRACK IN THE FLOOR?...YES, YOU CAN HELP ME...P. THIRD DOOR WHERE IS MR. CARLEY'S DEN?...
 MISS...MR. CARLEY IS THERE WITH HIS FIANCEE... I HARDLY THINK...



VERY WELL THEN...I'LL TELL YOU...MUMBLE...MUMBLE...

I GUESS I WOULD BE KIND OF IN THE WAY AT THAT! HE JUST SAID, 'I LOVE YOU!'



HE DID SAY, I LOVE YOU. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED...

HE LOOKS DEAD...YOU'D BETTER GO PAGE MR. CRANSTON...IN A HURRY!!

OOH!.. POOR MR. CARLEY...I... OH DEAR!!



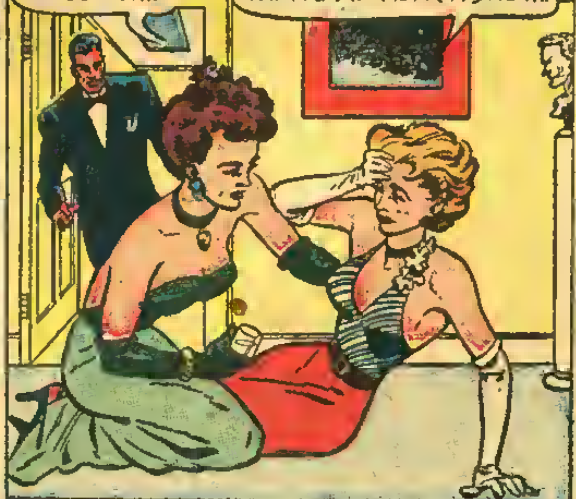
THAT'S A SHOT...GOOD GRIEF, THE GUY SAYS I LOVE YOU AND GETS SHOT FOR IT!..WHAT KIND OF A GAL IS THIS?..



MR. CRANSTON...THERE'S BEEN SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT... COULD YOU COME PLEASE?..

YES...BUT YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MAN... IF THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND HE'S PROBABLY INVOLVED IN IT!!

THERE, THERE, DEAR, TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT... WHAT HAPPENED?...I... MY HEAD...WHERE'S...OH... THEN I DID HEAR A SHOT!!



THRILLING

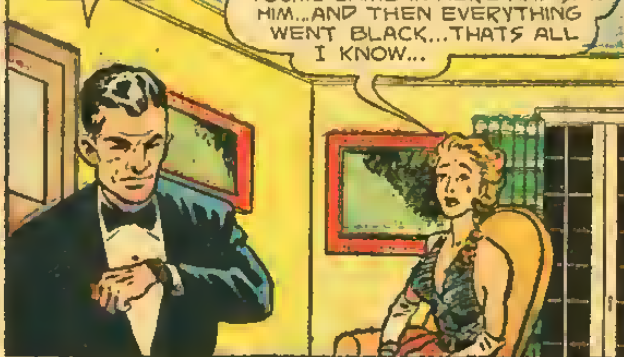
ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION

I HEARD HIM SAY, 'I LOVE YOU'... AND THEN THERE WAS THE SOUND OF THE SHOT...
 AND THERE ARE **NO PRINTS** ON THE GUN... BUT OF COURSE SHE'S WEARING THOSE FORMAL GLOVES... I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB ANYTHING IN THE ROOM... GO PHONE THE POLICE... I'LL STAY HERE...



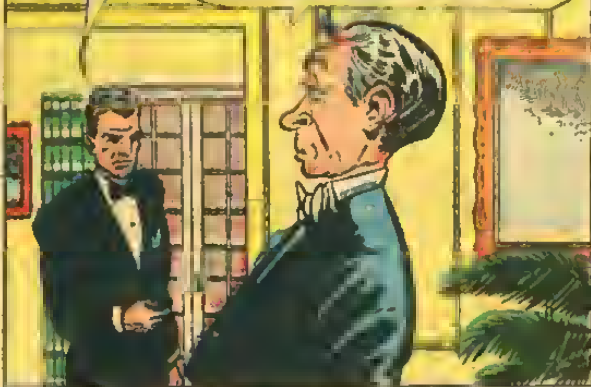
TEN MINUTES PASS... FIFTEEN... MAYN'T I LEAVE THE ROOM NOW?
 THIS IS STRANGE... I WONDER... I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS... I'VE TOLD YOU... I CAME IN HERE AND SAW HIM... AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK... THAT'S ALL I KNOW...



SHE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT WILLINGLY... BUT WHY? **HELLO? COMMISSIONER WESTON? CRANSTON... OUT AT THE CARLEY ESTATE... HE'S BEEN MURDERED AND I HAVE TO LEAVE THE SCENE OF THE CRIME... GET HERE FAST!!**



YOU... BUT I ASKED YOU TO WATCH BARROW!
 I DID SIR BUT WHEN HE LEFT WITH THAT YOUNG LADY WHO CAME WITH YOU, I ASSUMED THAT YOU HAD DELEGATED HER TO...

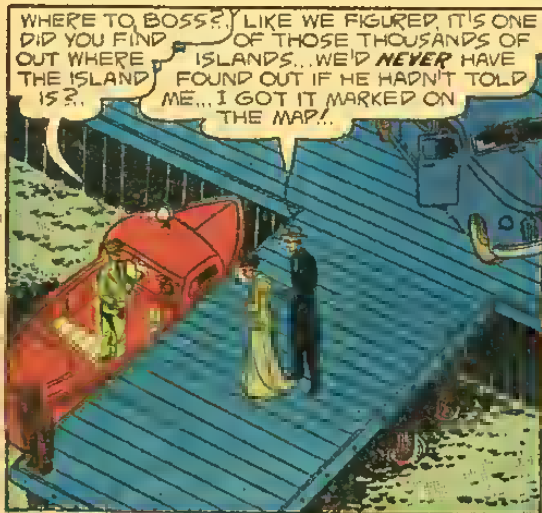


BUT **THAT** DOESN'T EXPLAIN ANYTHING... THE IDEA?
LOOK, SISTER, I GOT A PERFECT SET UP... THE COPS AINT GONNA BOTHER ME NONE... BUT THE SHADOW IS ALWAYS THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY... I'M ONE CROOK THAT'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM... I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR! GET IT?.

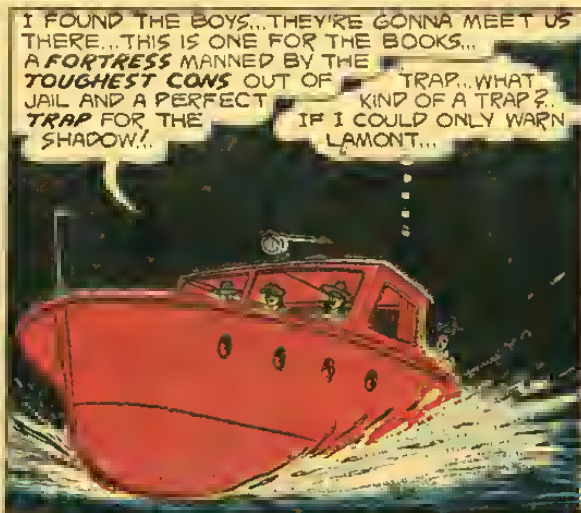


MEANWHILE...
 BUT WHY ARE YOU **KIDNAPPING** ME I HAVE NO MONEY... WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?
WOMEN! ALWAYS ASKIN QUESTIONS... IF IT'LL SHUT YOU UP WHICH I DOUBT... I'VE NOTICED THAT WHENEVER THE SHADOW POPS UP AT A CRIME... YOU'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE OFFING... IT GAVE ME AN IDEA, SEE?.

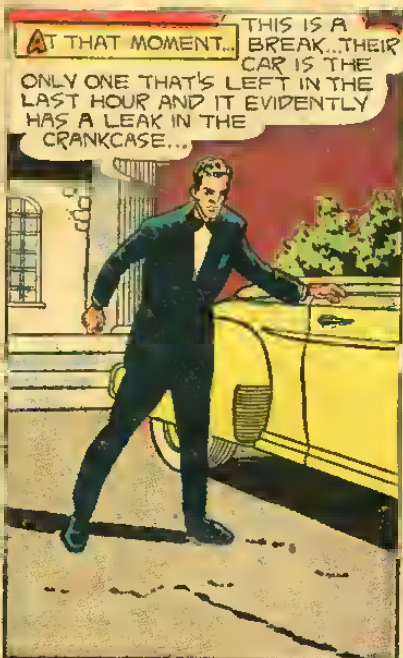




WHERE TO BOSS? LIKE WE FIGURED IT'S ONE DID YOU FIND OF THOSE THOUSANDS OF OUT WHERE ISLANDS... WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND OUT IF HE HADN'T TOLD ME... I GOT IT MARKED ON THE MAP!



I FOUND THE BOYS... THEY'RE GONNA MEET US THERE... THIS IS ONE FOR THE BOOKS... A **FORTRESS** MANNED BY THE **TOUGHEST CONS** OUT OF JAIL AND A PERFECT **TRAP** FOR THE **SHADOW**... **TRAP**... WHAT KIND OF A **TRAP**? IF I COULD ONLY WARN LAMONT...



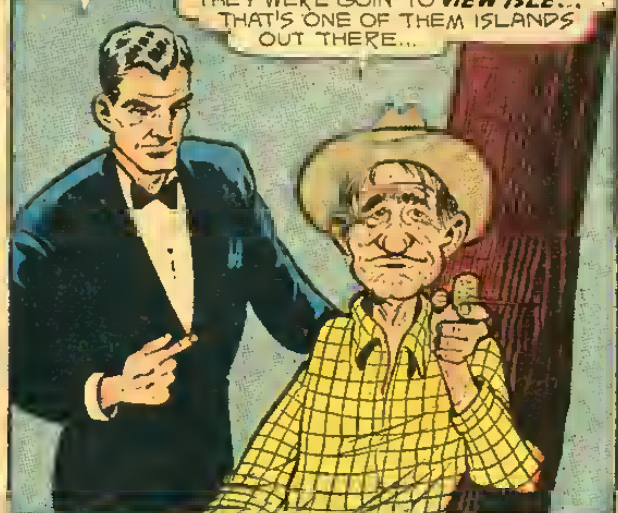
AT THAT MOMENT... THIS IS A BREAK... THEIR CAR IS THE ONLY ONE THAT'S LEFT IN THE LAST HOUR AND IT EVIDENTLY HAS A LEAK IN THE CRANKCASE...



THIS IS ALMOST TOO LUCKY... IT'S AS IF THEY WERE LEAVING A TRAIL **DELIBERATELY**... I WONDER...



HEY... OLD TIMER, DID YOU SEE A GIRL ANYWHERE AROUND HERE LATELY? YEP... SEE LOTS A GIRLS LIKE TO LOOK AT 'EM, I DO... I ALWAYS SAY WHEN A MAN'S **TOO OLD** TO LOOK AT A GIRL... HE'S **TOO OLD**!



WAIT, THIS WAS ONE GIRL... AND PROBABLY SHE WAS WITH A MAN OR MEN... I IMAGINE THEY MUST HAVE LEFT HERE IN A BOAT... DID YOU SEE THAT... UHUH... KEEP MY EYES OPEN, I DO... GAL DIDN'T LOOK LIKE SHE WAS HAPPY ABOUT GOIN' FOR A BOAT RIDE... LEFT ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO... HEARD 'EM SAY THEY WERE GOIN' TO **VIEW ISLE**... THAT'S ONE OF THEM ISLANDS OUT THERE...

SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT IS CUT BY THE SOUND OF MANY SPEED BOATS...

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY SHOULD SO MANY BOATS BE ON THE LAKE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?..

NOW YOU GOT ME, BUB.. CAN'T FIGURE THAT AT ALL...BUT...COME TO THINK OF IT, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR VIEW ISLE...

IS THIS BOAT FOR HIRE?..

YEP...MAN'S GOTTA EARN A DOLLAR NOW AND THEN...TEN DOLLARS DOWN AND WE'LL FIGHT ABOUT THE REST WHEN YA COME BACK...

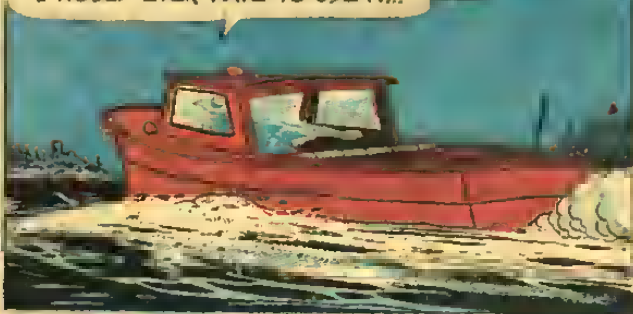


ONCE SURE THAT HE IS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE OLD MAN, **LAMONT CRANSTON** **DISAPPEARS**... THE SHADOW UNCANNY, INVISIBLE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT APPEARS IN HIS STEAD...

THAT TRAIL OF OIL!..THAT OLD MAN AT THE DOCK...THE WAY THEY MENTIONED WHERE THEY WERE GOING... THIS SMELLS OF A TRAP... **BUT WHY?..**

TO ANY WATCHING EYE THE BOAT SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH NO ONE IN IT...

IF THIS IS A TRAP I HAVE A **SMALL SURPRISE** IN MY CAPE...I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF I WOULD EVER HAVE TO USE IT...



MIDNIGHT ON VIEW ISLE...

ON THE BUTTON... BESIDES MORE OF THE BOYS ARE GETTING HERE EVERY MINUTE!.. **WHAT A SET UP!..**

IS EVERYTHING SET?..





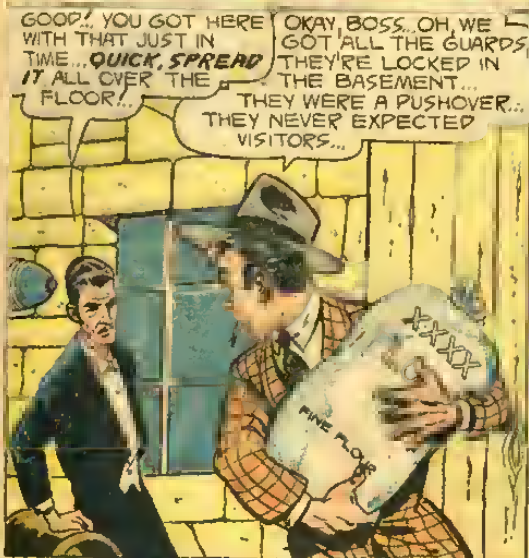
IF I'M RIGHT, HE MAY BE HERE ANY SECOND...HOLD HER...HAVE YOUR **TRIGGER FINGER** READY, GARS!!

YOU MUST BE **AWFUL DOPES** IF YOU THINK **THE SHADOW** WILL FALL FOR AN OBVIOUS TRAP LIKE THIS!!



NO WONDER CARLEY KEPT IT SUCH A SECRET WHERE HE HAD HIS STORAGE HOUSE FOR WEAPONS!! THERE ARE ENOUGH **MUNITIONS** HERE TO HOLD OFF AN **ARMY**!!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAVE ALL THE GUNS AND AMMUNITIONS IN THE WORLD YOU **STILL WON'T BE ABLE TO CATCH THE SHADOW**...



GOOD! YOU GOT HERE WITH THAT JUST IN TIME...**QUICK, SPREAD IT ALL OVER THE FLOOR**!!

OKAY BOSS...OH WE GOT ALL THE GUARDS THEY'RE LOCKED IN THE BASEMENT... THEY WERE A PUSHOVER... THEY NEVER EXPECTED VISITORS...



GULP! THESE HOODPLUMS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING...THIS MEANS THAT THE SHADOW'S INVISIBILITY ISN'T GOING TO DO MUCH GOOD...IF HE STEPS ON THE FLOOR THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SEE HIS **FOOTPRINTS**!!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS **WAIT!** IF THE SHADOW COMES INTO THIS ROOM, THE FLOUR WILL SHOW US WHERE HE IS...



I HAVE TO **LAUGH** AT THE CROOKS THAT THE SHADOW HAS CAUGHT... THEY TRIED TO GET AWAY WITH CRIME **AND THEN** GET AWAY FROM THE SHADOW...ME I'LL GET THE SHADOW FIRST... **THEN COMES CRIME!**

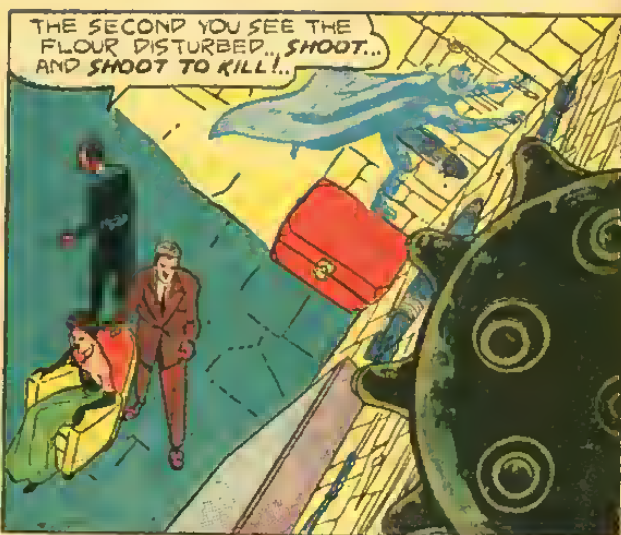
IF THEY DO CATCH HIM...THEN THEY'LL BE ABLE TO USE THIS PLACE AS A HIDE OUT... THEY'LL HAVE ALL THESE WEAPONS...IT'LL BE **TERRIBLE!**

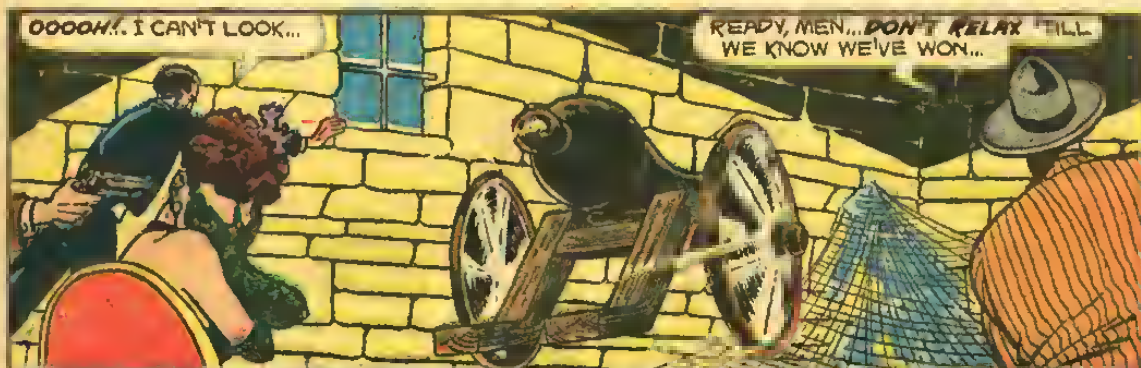


FOR MINUTES ALL IS SILENCE... THEN THROUGH THE OLD STONE HALLS COMES AN EERY LAUGH... A LAUGH THAT HERALDS...**THE SHADOW!**

GET READY...HERE HE COMES!

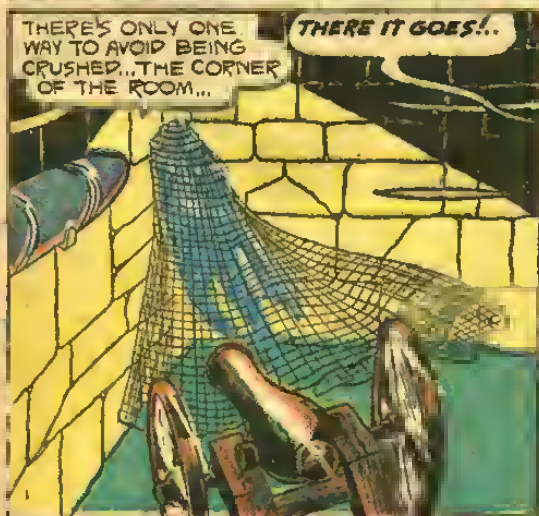
HA! HA!





OOOHH!.. I CAN'T LOOK...

READY, MEN... **DON'T RELAX** 'TILL...
WE KNOW WE'VE WON...



THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO AVOID BEING
CRUSHED...THE CORNER
OF THE ROOM...

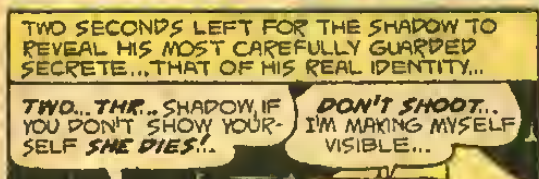
THERE IT GOES!..



PROTECTED BY THE RIGHT ANGLES OF THE
CORNER, THE SHADOW IS SAVED MOMENTARILY...

ARGH!..IT MISSED HIM...
BUT LISTEN SHADOW, YOU'RE
CAUGHT, IF YOU DON'T REVEAL
YOURSELF, IF YOU DON'T
MAKE YOURSELF VISIBLE
MY MAN WILL SHOOT THE
GIRL!.. YOU HAVE **THREE**
SECONDS... ONE...

IF THEY FIND OUT WHO THE
SHADOW IS, IT WON'T MATTER IF
WE GET AWAY...THE WHOLE
UNDERWORLD WILL BE AFTER
LAMONT CRANSTON...OH...
WHAT CAN HE DO???



**TWO...THR... SHADOW, IF
YOU DON'T SHOW YOUR-
SELF SHE DIES!..**

**DON'T SHOOT...
I'M MAKING MYSELF
VISIBLE...**



HE DID IT...OH, DEAR!

LAMONT CRANSTON...
SO THAT EXPLAINS A
GREAT DEAL THAT HAS
ALWAYS PUZZLED ME... AT
LEAST YOU WILL GO TO YOUR
DEATH AS YOURSELF!..

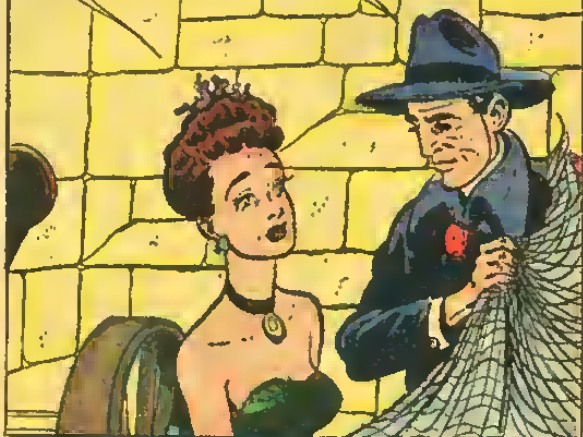
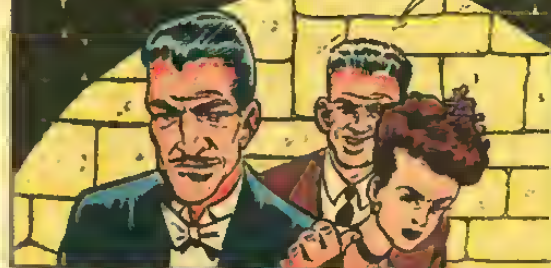
MARGO, UNDER THE MUZZLE OF A GUN, THE SHADOW'S IDENTITY RELEASED... CRANSTON ENMESHED IN A NET... BARROW IS TRIUMPHANT!!

PUT HER OVER WITH HIM, KILL THEM, AND THEN WE'LL REALLY GET TO WORK... WE'LL PUT CRIME ON A SCALE THAT'S NEVER BEEN THOUGHT OF BEFORE!!

I TOLD YOU GUYS I HAD THIS FIGURED RIGHT... YOU SURE DID, BARROW... THERE'S NO ONE TO STAND IN OUR WAY NOW. BOY, WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THESE TOMMY GUNS...

LAMONT, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I COULDN'T STALL... DON'T GIVE UP... WHEN I SAY GO, JUMP UP ON THE CANNON...



IF YOU ARE DONE GLOATING, BARROW, WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND SHOOT?

I'LL HAVE YOU KILLED WHEN I'M READY AND NOT BEFORE...

MARGO... CLOSE YOUR EYES AND JUMP ON THE CANNON... NOW...

READY, MEN, GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!!



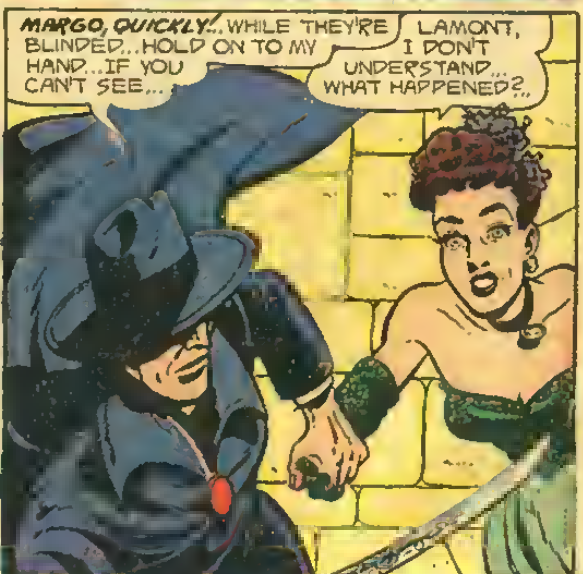
BUT AS THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS TIGHTEN... A WAVE OF FLAME COMES INTO BEING!!

WHAT THE... WHAT HAPPENED? MY EYES... THE FLAME...

STAY THERE, MARGO...

MARGO, QUICKLY... WHILE THEY'RE BLINDED... HOLD ON TO MY HAND... IF YOU CAN'T SEE...

LAMONT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT HAPPENED?...



I SAW ONE OF BARROW'S MEN GOING FOR THE FLOUR SACK... I THREW A COIN DOWN THE HALL, HE FOLLOWED IT TO SEE WHAT MADE THE NOISE AND WHILE HE WAS GONE I SUBSTITUTED GUNPOWDER FOR THE FLOUR...



VERY CUTE... THE BOYS MUST BE A LITTLE UPSET BY NOW... WHAT DO WE DO?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE?... YOU LOOK ALL SET AND STIFF FACED!... SMHH... THAT'S A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR BARROW'S BOYS... HIDE IN THERE AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS...



BLAST HIM, HE SWITCHED IN POWDER FOR FLOUR... I'LL MAKE HIM SORRY HE DIDN'T DIE NICELY WITH A BULLET IN HIM!



SSSSST... BARROW... IN ETHAY UITSAY OF ARMORARAY!!



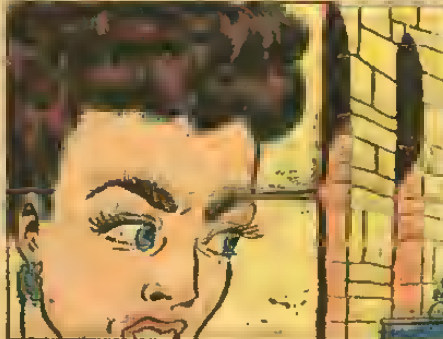
THE FOOL!... THAT ARMOR WON'T STOP 38 CALIBRE BULLETS... HIT HIM IN THE LEGS, I WANT HIM TO DIE SLOWLY...



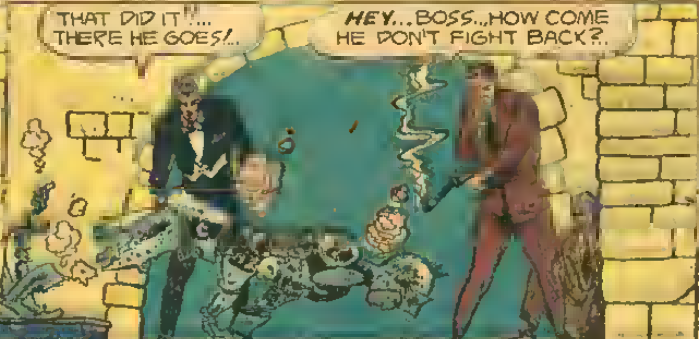
I THINK, MR. BARROW, YOU'LL FIND THAT THE SHADOW DIES HARD... HO... HO...

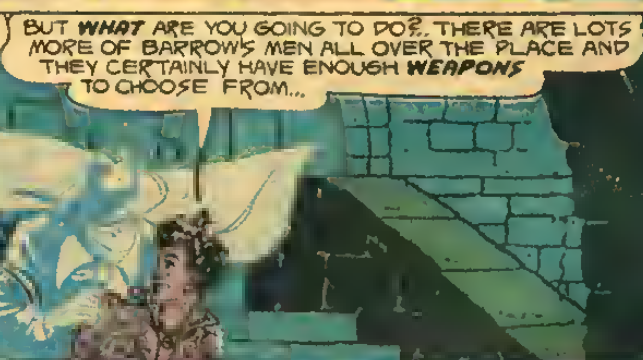
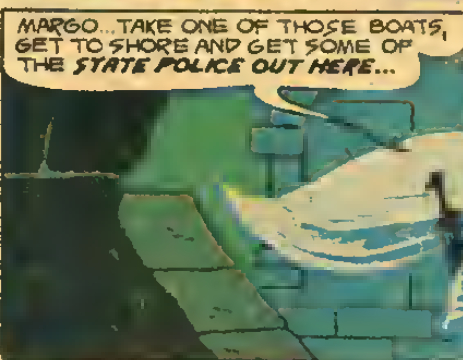
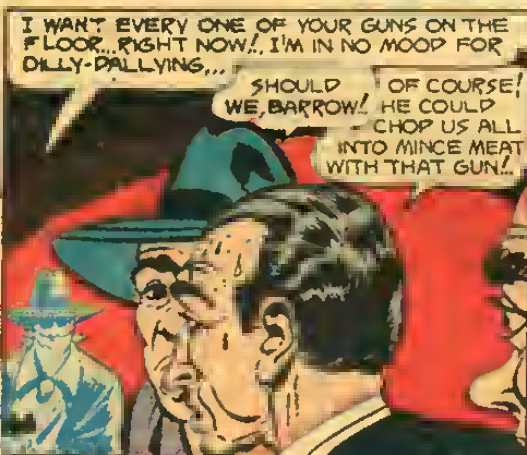
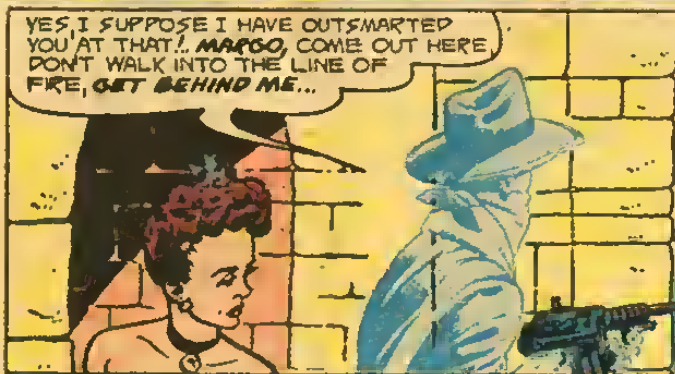


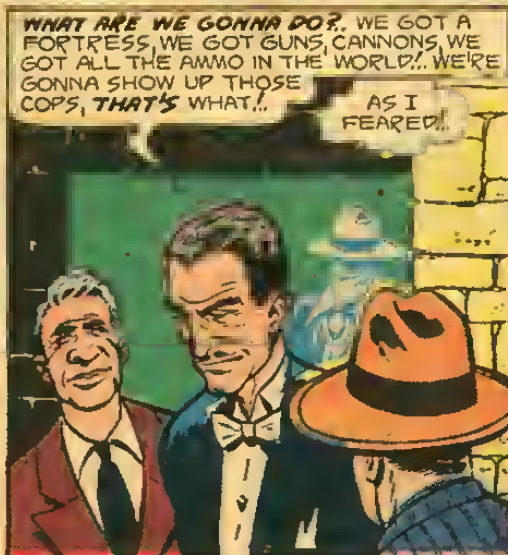
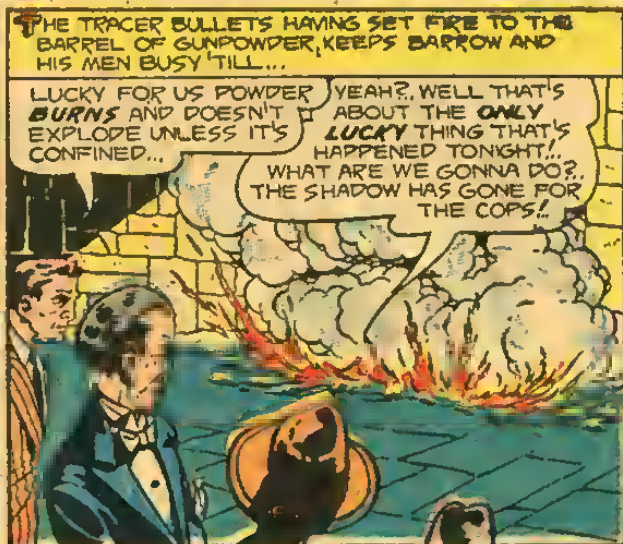
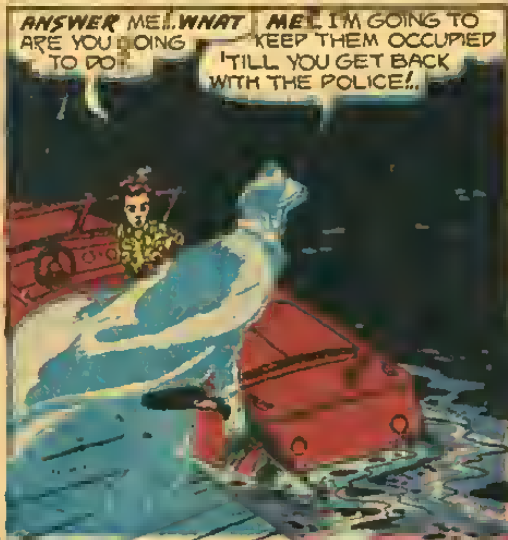
THAT DID IT!... THERE HE GOES!

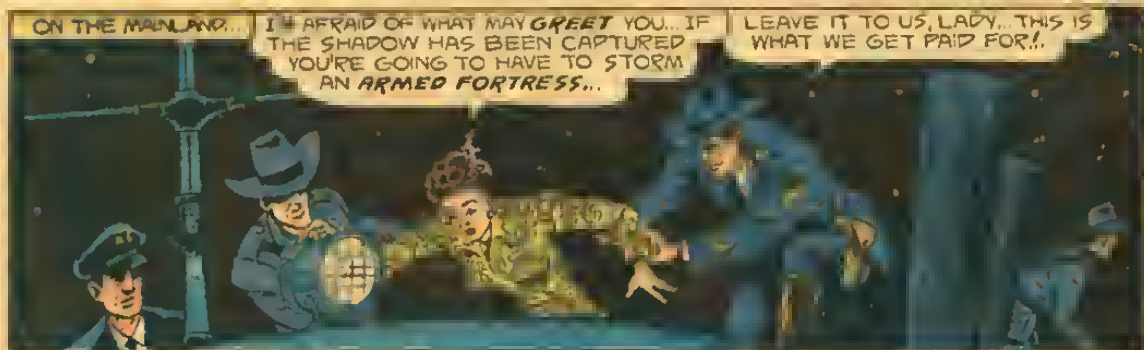


HEY... BOSS... HOW COME HE DON'T FIGHT BACK?





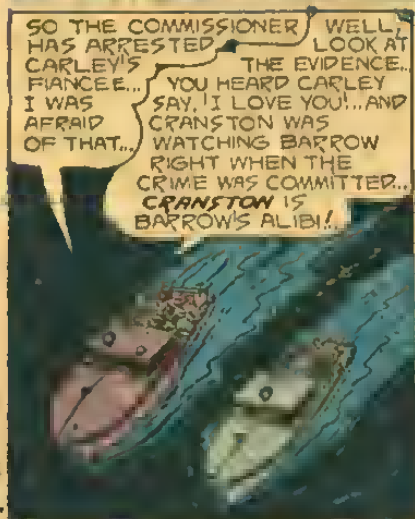




ON THE MAINLAND...

I'M AFRAID OF WHAT MAY GREET YOU... IF THE SHADOW HAS BEEN CAPTURED YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STORM AN ARMED FORTRESS...

LEAVE IT TO US, LADY... THIS IS WHAT WE GET PAID FOR!..



SO THE COMMISSIONER HAS ARRESTED CARLEY'S FIANCEE... I WAS AFRAID OF THAT... WELL, LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE... YOU HEARD CARLEY SAY, 'I LOVE YOU'... AND CRANSTON WAS WATCHING BARROW RIGHT WHEN THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED... CRANSTON IS BARROW'S ALIBI!



PREPARED FOR ANYTHING THE MEN DEPLOY AROUND THE LANDING...

MARGO! RELAX... SEND THE TROOPERS UP TO THE BIG ROOM!.. AND SPSSSSSS...

OOOOH! YOU'RE SAFE... THANK HEAVEN!..



DON'T TOUCH IT... THE SHADOW SET IT SO IF THE CHAIR FALLS OFF THE TORPEDO WILL GO OFF AND BLOW THE WHOLE FORTRESS SKY HIGH!..

SEE WHAT YOU GET FOR BELIEVING EVERYTHING YOU HEAR?..



PREPARED FOR ANYTHING BUT WHAT GREET'S THEM!..



THERE'S NO T.N.T. IN THIS TORPEDO... IT'S A PUD!.. MR. BARROW, YOU HAVE BEEN OUT-WITTED, OUT-THOUGHT AND OUT-BLUFFED!.. MEN, ARREST THESE HOODLUMS!..

WHAT A PLEASURE... MOST OF THESE GUYS HAVE 'WANTED' POSTERS OUT FOR THEM!..



IN COMMISSIONER WESTON'S OFFICE... HARDLY... BUT AFTER

BUT HOW CAN SHE BE INNOCENT?.. HE SAID, 'I LOVE YOU'... HE DEMANDED, UNDER THE PAIN OF TORTURE, THAT TO A GANGSTER!.. THE NAME OF THE ISLAND... IT WAS, 'THE ISLE OF VIEW'... SAY IT ALOUD... AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENED!..

CARLEY'S GUNMAN KNOCKED THIS 'GIRL OUT, HE SAID, 'I LOVE YOU'... HE DEMANDED, UNDER THE PAIN OF TORTURE, THE NAME OF THE ISLAND... IT WAS, 'THE ISLE OF VIEW'... SAY IT ALOUD... AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENED!..

DOC SAVAGE MOON MADNESS!



MAN HAS BEEN LOOKING AT THE MOON FOR **MILLIONS OF YEARS...** BUT HE CAN ONLY SEE ONE SIDE OF IT... **WHAT** LIES ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON?... AND WHAT CAUSED THE CRATERS ON THE MOON?... THE ANSWER COULD ONLY COME ONE WAY AND THAT WAS BY GOING TO THE MOON!.. COME ALONG ON A TRIP THROUGH SPACE WITH DOC SAVAGE!..

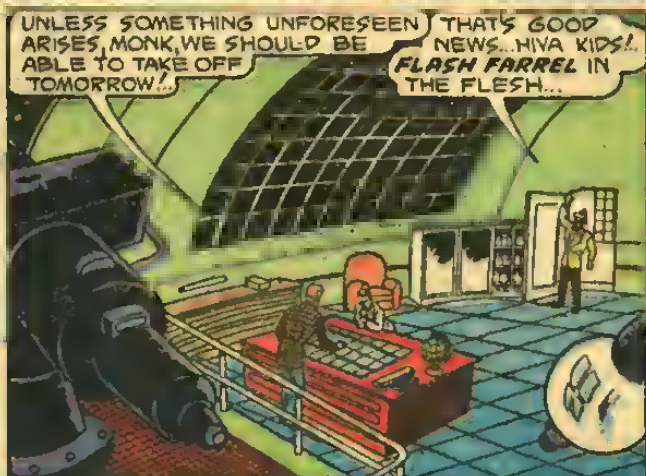
Powell

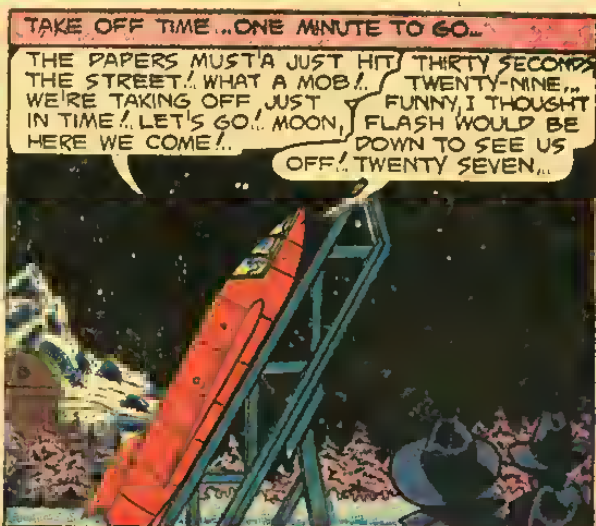
TEST ROCKET 24...

IT'S A GOOD ONE...
THERE SHE GOES!..

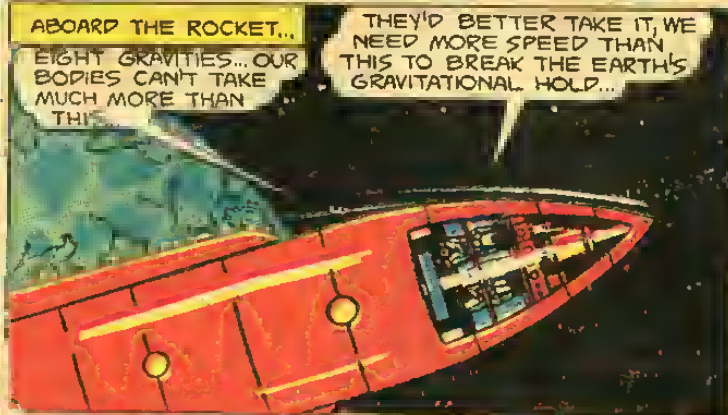
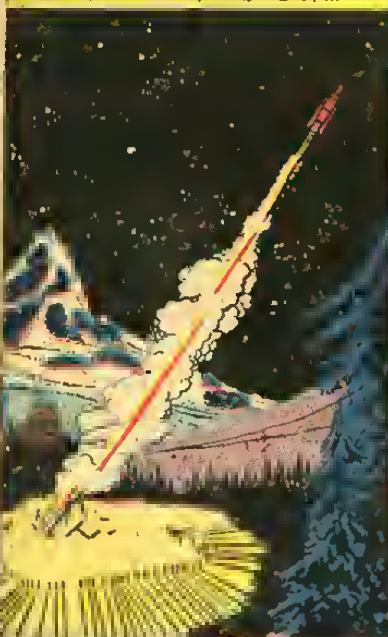
EASY NOW, IT CAN
STILL GO ERRATICALLY
AND FALL BACK
ON US...



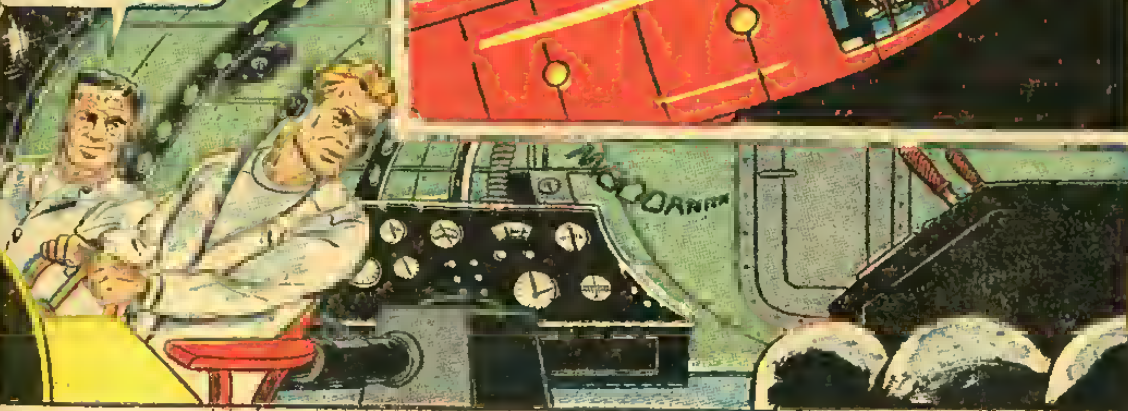




SEVEN O'CLOCK!! THE BEGINNING OF THE MOST EPOCHAL FLIGHT IN MAN'S HISTORY!!

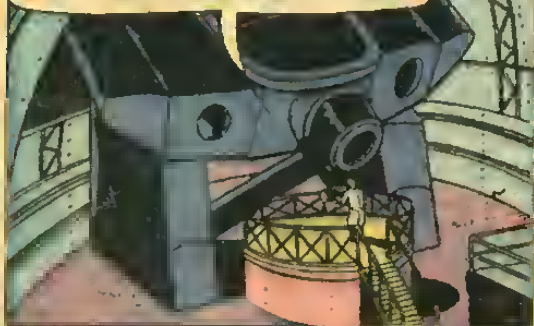


DOC...THAT SOUND...IT'S LIKE A MAN'S VOICE!!



ON EARTH ANXIOUS EYES SCAN THE EYEPIECES OF TELESCOPES...

THE **GLORIOUS** FOOLS! HOW I ENVY THEM...EVEN IF DEATH IS THEIR ONLY REWARD... THEY WILL HAVE SEEN THE EARTH FROM SPACE...AND THEY'RE MAKING IT...THEY'RE A HUNDRED MILES ABOVE THE EARTH NOW...



THE STRAIN EASES AS THE ROCKET PLUMMETS OUT INTO SPACE...

WHEW... THAT WAS GRUELLING... I CAN'T LEAVE I'M GLAD WE'RE OUT OF THE CONTROLS IT NOW!...

RIGHT NOW, MONK, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND WHAT THAT STRANGE SOUND CAME FROM! I HAVE A HUNCH...



WEEEEEELL... IF IT ISN'T THE DASHING, DAPPER, DEMON REPORTER!...

OH...MONK, SHUT UP WILL YA...WHAT A BEATIN I JUST TOOK... WHA' HOPPIN'?



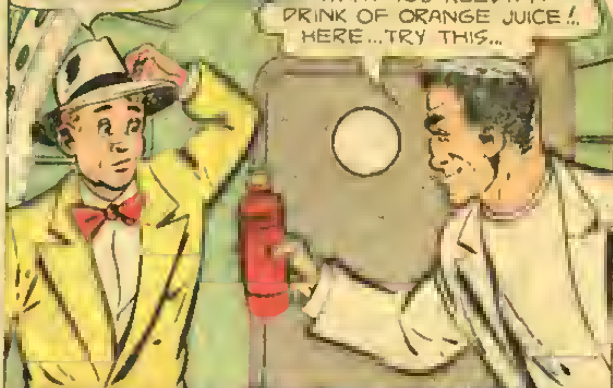
HMM, A STOWAWAY...HOW'D I FEEL TAKING ALL THOSE GRAVITIES WITH NO SUPPORT? I'M SURPRISED YOU LIVED THROUGH IT!...

I USED TO CALL MYSELF THE IRON MAN BUT I GUESS I'M RUSTING! YOWW... EVERY SINGLE BONE IN MY BODY IS ACHING! AND I FEEL LIGHT HEADED...



I'M SURPRISED I CAN EVEN MOVE CONSIDERING THE BEATING I JUST TOOK... AND YET I FEEL LIGHT ALL OVER...

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED... A DRINK OF ORANGE JUICE! HERE...TRY THIS...



ORANGE JUICE! WHAT AN INSULT... BUT IF IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER I'LL TRY SOME!...

THIS SHOULD BE GOOD... WATCH, DOC!...



HEY! WHAT MAKES! SURE IT IS! DRINK
THAT'S A BALLOON... IT! GO AHEAD...IT'LL
THAT'S NOT MAKE YOU FEEL
ORANGE BETTER...IT'LL GET
JUICE! YOUR MIND OFF YOUR ACES!...



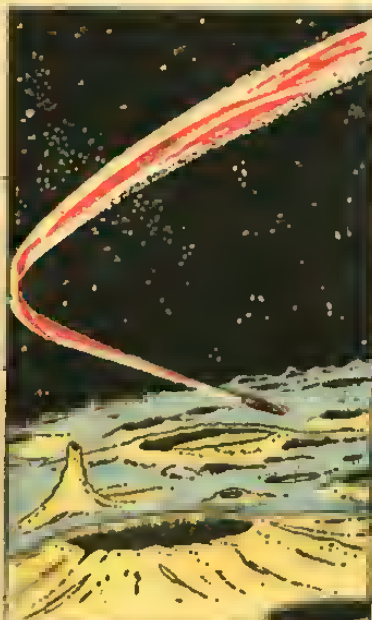
HO HO... FLASH!... LOOK DOWN! WELL STEP RIGHT
AT YOUR FEET!... YOU'LL SEE UP AND CALL ME
WHY YOU FEEL SO LIGHT!... STUPID!... SO THAT'S
YOU DON'T WEIGH ANY- THE REASON FOR THE
THING AT ALL! WE'VE BALL OF LIQUID! THERE
PASSED THE TWO WAS NO GRAVITY TO MAKE
THIRDS MARK AND IT POUR!...
WE'RE WEIGHTLESS!...



NO MORE HORSEPLAY, MONK!
LOOK, WE'RE ALMOST THERE!!



IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE IN A
COUPLE OF MINUTES WE'LL BE ON THE
SURFACE OF THE MOON...



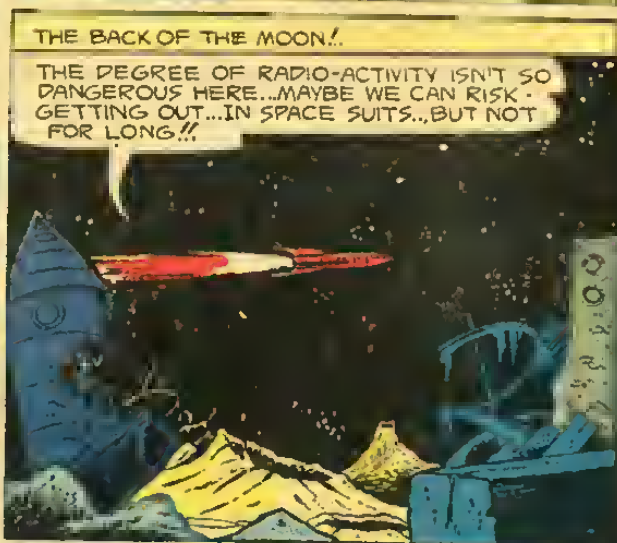
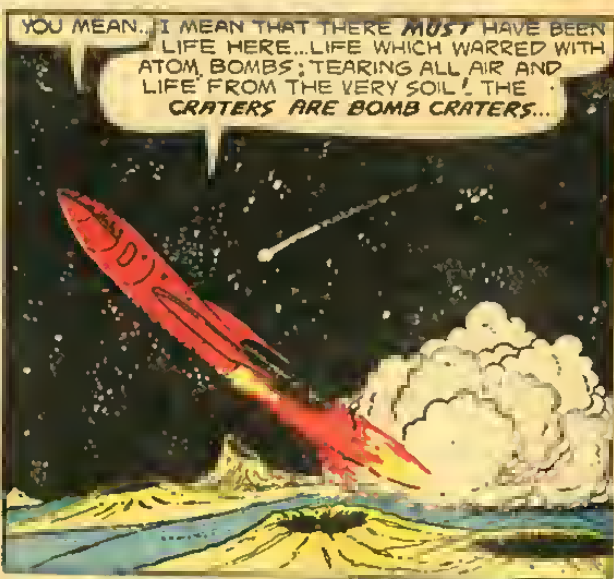
THE COLD GREY DEAD POCK
MARKED FACE OF THE MOON
WATCHES CALMLY AS THE
INVADERS LAND...



BUT INSIDE THE ROCKET
INSISTENT CLICKING SENDS
A WARNING MESSAGE...

HEY! WHAT'S IT IS A
WITH YOU GUYS? FUNERAL...
WHY THE LONG! THE FUNERAL
FACES? YOU OF WHAT ONCE
LOOK LIKE A WAS A WORLD...
FUNERAL!... THOSE ARE
GEIGER COUNTERS
CLICKING... TELLING
OF THE
OF RADIO ACTIVE
MATERIALS...





YOUR RADIOS WORKING ALL RIGHT?..
I CAN HEAR YOU TWO, CAN YOU
HEAR ME?..

FINE!!

ME TOO...DOC...DON'T THESE BUILDINGS
AND CARS LOOK AS IF THEY WERE RUN BY
HUMANS?..



THEY CERTAINLY MUST HAVE BEEN HUMANOID IN SHAPE... HORRIBLE FEELING

LIKE BEING IN A
HUGE GRAVE YARD...



AND SPEAKING OF GRAVE YARDS,
HERE ARE THE GHOSTS!.. WHAT
DO WE DO, DOC, FIGHT?..

NO, LET THEM CAPTURE US,
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
THOSE WEAPONS..ARE!..

LEAD ON, MAC DUFF!!



THEY ARE LEAD DOWN UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE MOON
MILES DOWN!..

GULP...YOU DON'T THINK
THESE ARE ATOMIC
PISTOLS?..

THEY MAY BE...HAMM... SEEMINGLY,
WHEN THEY RUINED THE SURFACE
THEIR WORLD THEY RETIRED DOWN
HERE...AWAY FROM THE HARMFULL
RADIATION...



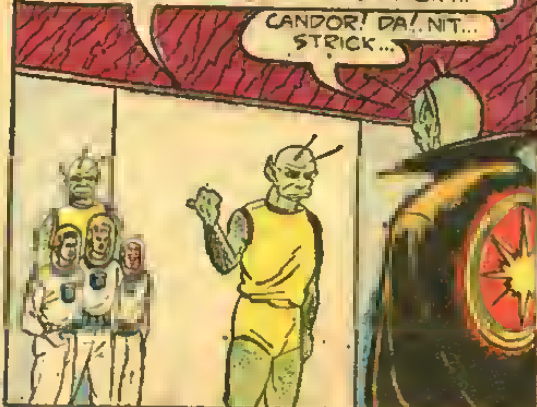
THE WHOLE PLACE LOOKS
RUN DOWN...DOC, DO YOU THINK
THIS BELONGED TO ANOTHER
RACE?..

NO...FROM THE
LOOKS OF THINGS I
IMAGINE THESE ARE
THE DEGENERATE
SURVIVORS OF THE
ATOMIC WARS...THEY
PROBABLY NO LONGER UNDERSTAND
THEIR OWN SCIENCE...



PRLAK..FUSSER BBBADDR..CANDOR?..

CANDOR! DA!..NIT...
STRICK...





FUNNY... THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF AN ATHLETIC CONTEST... WONDER WHAT COOKS?..

I HOPE IT'S NOT US! THESE BOYS LOOK AS IF THEY COULD USE A MEAL...



ASDGFHJKT, NIM?..

I USED TO BE GOOD AT DOUBLE TALK, LETS SEE... PORTIFRAMMIS YOUR ALANIC?..

THIS SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF A DECATHLON, LIKE OUR OLYMPIC GAMES... I WONDER IF THEY COULD HAVE RETROGRESSED BACK TO THE ERA OF WAR BY PERSONAL CHAMPION?..

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, MONK... IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY MORE SENSE TO ME THAN THE MOON MEN'S JABBERING!..



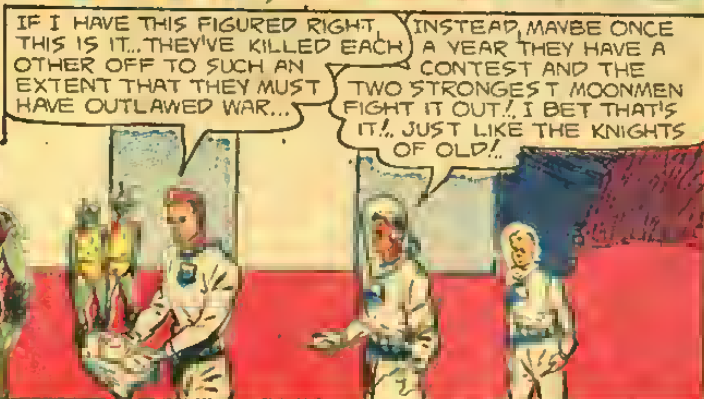
POIUTY!.. NIM... LIKJHLKJ!..

LASDPHFGR!..



WE'RE DEEP ENOUGH UNDER THE MOON FOR THERE TO BE AIR... I THINK I AM ABOUT TO BE INVOLVED IN A FIGHT... I'M GOING TO RISK TAKING MY SUIT OFF!..

JHFGGHT!..



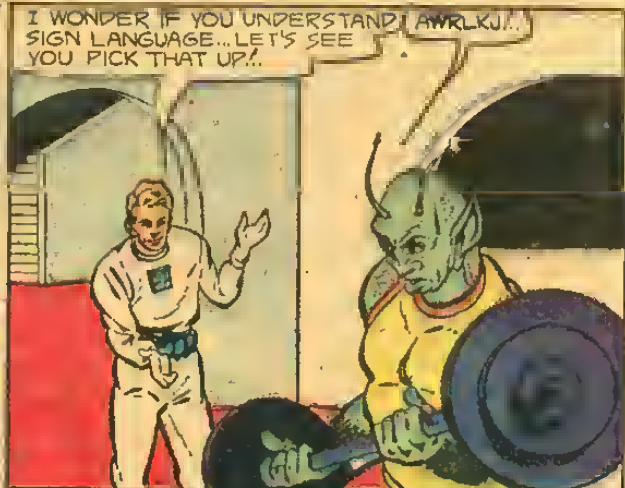
IF I HAVE THIS FIGURED RIGHT, THIS IS IT... THEY'VE KILLED EACH OTHER OFF TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY MUST HAVE OUTLAWED WAR...

INSTEAD, MAYBE ONCE A YEAR THEY HAVE A CONTEST AND THE TWO STRONGEST MOONMEN FIGHT IT OUT... I BET THAT'S IT... JUST LIKE THE KNIGHTS OF OLD!..

I SEE... THIS YEAR WE BROUGHT A NEW ELEMENT INTO THEIR WAR GAMES... SO INSTEAD OF FIGHTING THEMSELVES, THEY'RE GOING TO BE CHOPPED UP BY THESE GUNS IN OUR BACKS!

I BET THAT'S IT... AND I BET DOC BETTER WIN... OR WE'RE GOING TO BE CHOPPED UP BY THESE GUNS IN OUR BACKS!

I WONDER IF YOU UNDERSTAND SIGN LANGUAGE... LET'S SEE YOU PICK THAT UP!!



NOT BAD FOR A MOON MAN, NOW LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH IT!!

NIM! UYTY!

THAT MUST OF SURPRISED OUR MUSCLE BOYS... OH, OH... LOOK... DOC WANTS THEM TO HIGH JUMP...

WOW! NEVER KNEW DOC WAS THAT STRONG!



NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL... NOW LETS SEE WHAT I CAN DO...



QURTYPOINT!.. NMBCGDTTHY! WHICH LITERALLY TRANSLATED MUST MEAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WOW!.. LOOK AT DOC GO, BUT EVEN HE, CAN'T JUMP THAT...

BY SIGN LANGUAGE DOC SAVAGE HAS THEM PLACE THE HIGH JUMP AT THE RIDICULOUS HEIGHT OF FORTY FEET...





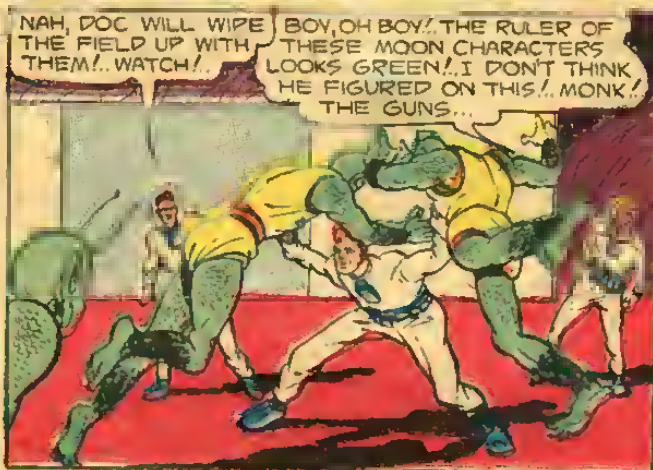
I DON'T CARE IF RIPLEY SAYS SO, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THESE MOON MUSCLE MEN ARE LOOKING WORRIED... WATCH! THE RULER JUST GAVE THEM THE WORD TO GO TO WORK ON DOC!



OH, OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE MURDER! I HATE TO WATCH IT!

YOU MEAN DOC IS GOING TO GET HIS LUMPS?..



NAH, DOC WILL WIPE THE FIELD UP WITH THEM! WATCH!

BOY, OH BOY! THE RULER OF THESE MOON CHARACTERS LOOKS GREEN! I DON'T THINK HE FIGURED ON THIS! MONK! THE GUNS...



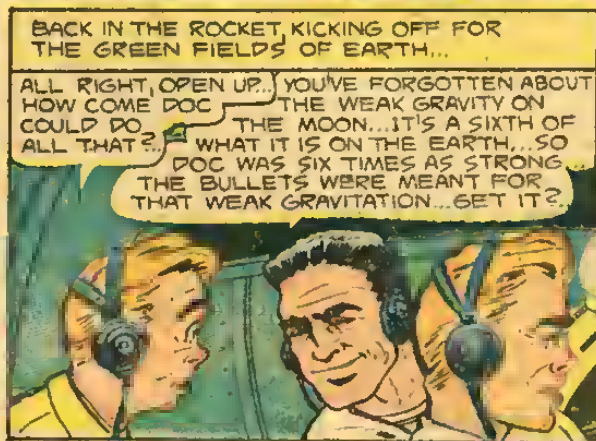
UIOUP!

WHOA! MONK... I THINK IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT...



I DIDN'T THINK THOSE BULLETS WOULD HURT US... COME ON, I WANT TO GET BACK TO THE ROCKET, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH RADIATION WE CAN TAKE...

WOW!.. LOOK AT THESE MOON GUYS... THEY THINK WE'RE SUPERMEN! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO INTERFERE WITH US! LET'S GO!



BACK IN THE ROCKET, KICKING OFF FOR THE GREEN FIELDS OF EARTH...

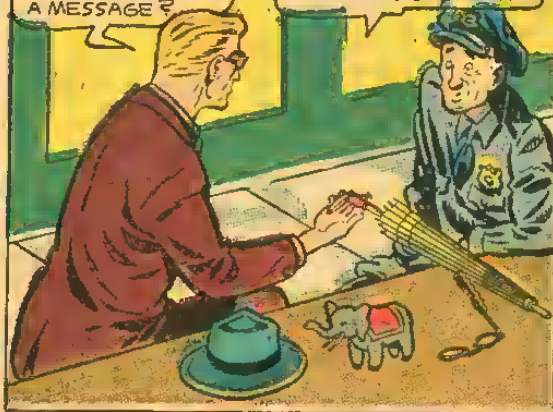
ALL RIGHT, OPEN UP... YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT HOW COME DOC COULD DO THE WEAK GRAVITY ON THE MOON... IT'S A SIXTH OF ALL THAT?.. WHAT IT IS ON THE EARTH... SO DOC WAS SIX TIMES AS STRONG... THE BULLETS WERE MEANT FOR THAT WEAK GRAVITATION... GET IT?

IF ONLY THEY'RE ENOUGH AFRAID OF US, PERHAPS THEY WILL GET TO WORK TOGETHER INSTEAD OF CONTINUING THEIR BATTLES... I HOPE SO.....

TRUE CRIME FACTS OR FALSE

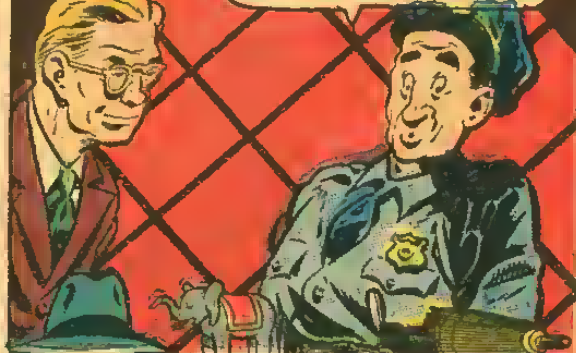
HERE'S A GOOD QUESTION FOR YOU, CLANCY. THESE OBJECTS WERE SENT TO US ONE TIME. DO THEY SPELL OUT A MESSAGE?

A MESSAGE? THOSE THINGS? A HAT, AN ELEPHANT, A LORGNETTE, AND A PARASOL? NAH!



THERE'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, CLANCY. OBSERVE. IF I UNDERLINE THE FIRST LETTER IN THE NAME OF EACH OBJECT...

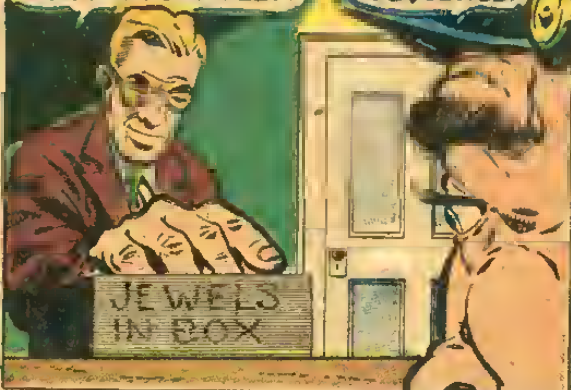
HAT... ELEPHANT... LORGNETTE... PARASOL... YIPE! IT SPELLS HELP!



CAN YOU READ A MESSAGE IN THESE SMUDGES ON THE EDGE OF THIS DECK OF CARDS? NO... CERTAINLY IT'S IN ENGLISH. CAN'T... I DON'T SEE NOT IN CODE. HOW ANYONE ELSE CAN



THIS ALMOST BAFFLED US. I GET IT. IN ORDER YOU SEE THE MESSAGE TO READ IT THE DECK HAD TO BE WRITTEN THIS WAY ON THE EDGE OF THE DECK. THEN THEN THE DECK WAS SHUFFLED. ARRANGED IN THE ORIGINAL SEQUENCE!



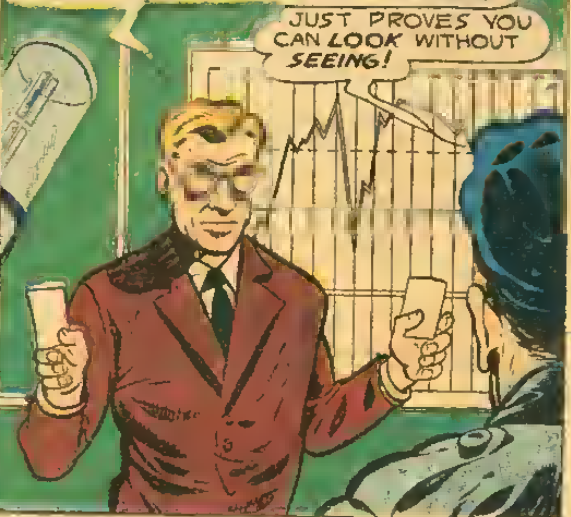
SPEAKING OF CARDS HERE'S A GOOD TEST OF OBSERVATION. YOU'VE SEEN THE COURT CARDS IN A DECK. HUNDREDS OF TIMES. CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH JACKS HAVE ONLY ONE EYE?

THAT SHOULD BE EASY... LEMME SEE... THE JACK OF HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.

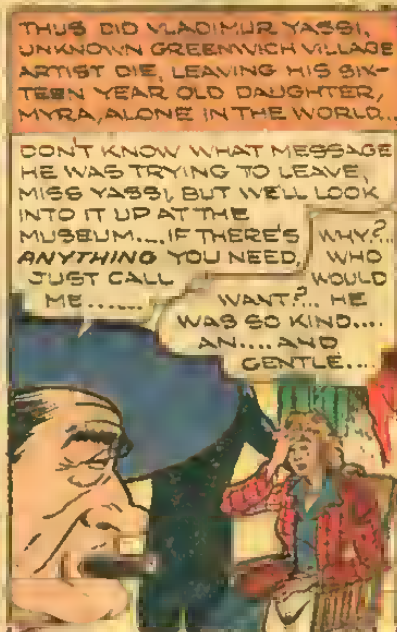
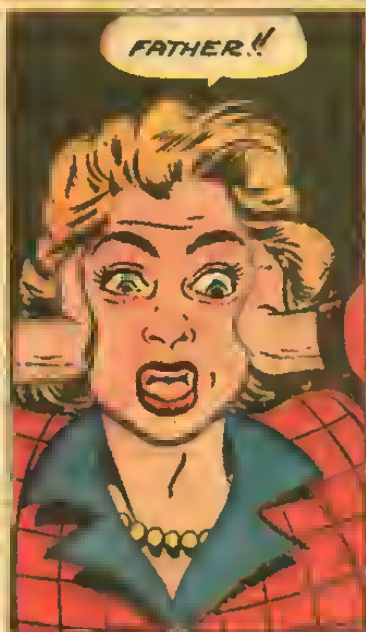
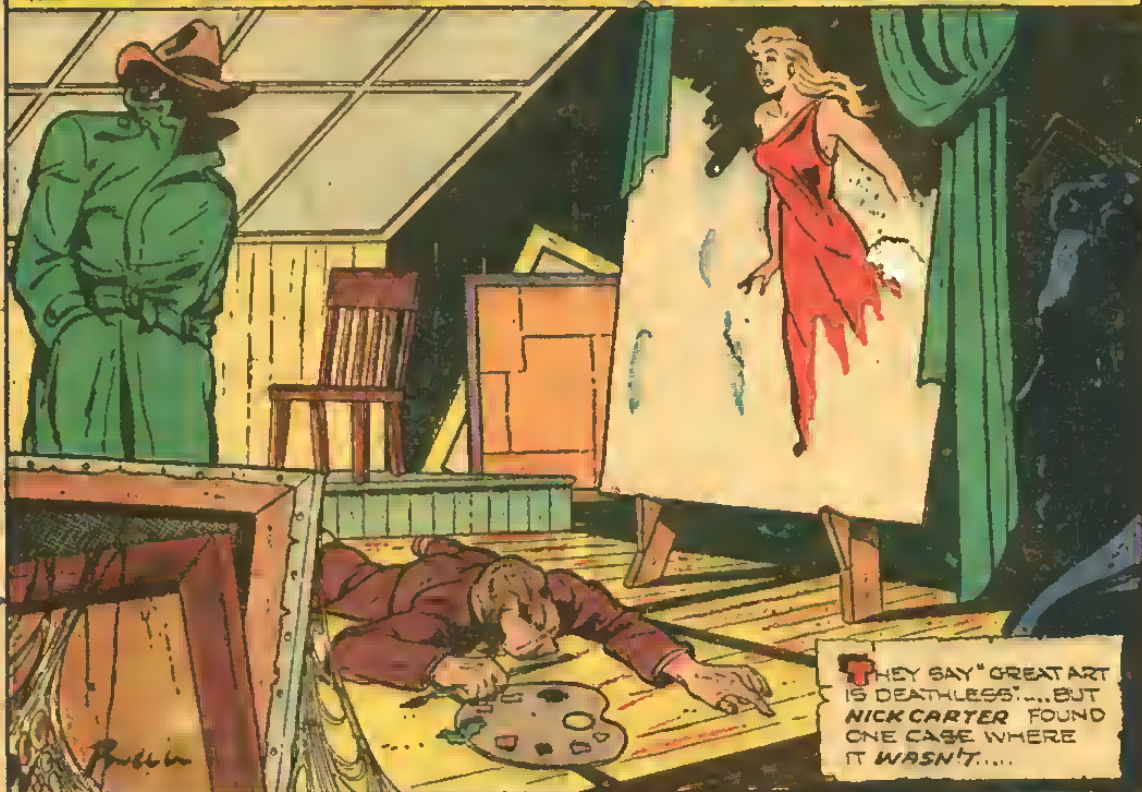


WELL, YOU'RE HALF RIGHT. THE ONE EYED JACKS ARE THE HEARTS AND SPADES.

JUST PROVES YOU CAN LOOK WITHOUT SEEING!



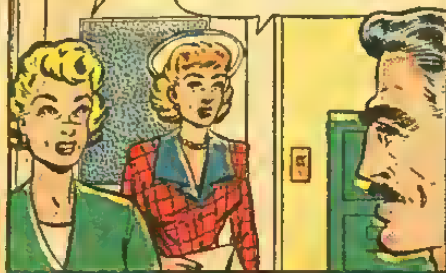
NICK CARTER MASTER DETECTIVE IN PORTRAIT OF DEATH



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF NICK CARTER.....

NICK, THIS IS MYRA YASSI! SHE HAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT....

Y...YES...B..BUT I...I DON'T HAVE M...MUCH MONEY... I...I CAN'T AFFORD...



HE WAS A GREAT ARTIST, MYRA.... SOMEONE WHOSE GENIUS UNFORTUNATELY WILL BE RECOGNIZED NOW THAT HE IS DEAD! NOW TELL ME DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO...?



WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT MONEY NOW! LET'S SEE... YOU MUST BE VLADIMUR YASSI'S DAUGHTER... I KNEW HIM WELL!!

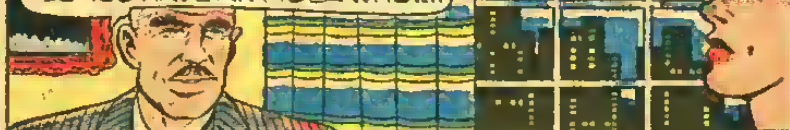
HE DID MY PORTRAIT, YOU KNOW, MYRA....

YES, THAT'S WHY I'VE COME TO YOU... THE POLICE HAVE NOT LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT WHO KILLED HIM... AND HE ALWAYS SPOKE SO NICE ABOUT YOU TWO... HE SAID AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD RECOGNIZED HIM AS A FINE ARTIST!



NO... EVERYONE LOVED HIM... EXCEPT SOME-TIMES HE USED TO TELL ME THAT HE HATED THE ART CRITICS WHO RUINED HIS CHANCES FOR GREATNESS....

HMMM... I REMEMBER THAT... I WAS THERE AT HIS ONE-MAN SHOW-ING OF HIS PAINTINGS! IT WAS AT THE CLERGER'S GALLERY ON 57TH STREET, MANY YEARS AGO! IT WAS A GREAT SUCCESS UNTIL....



'FRITZ SHLUGAN, THE CRITIC, CAME THE SECOND DAY... HIS REACTION WOULD MAKE OR BREAK YASSI.... NO ONE DOUBTED THAT SHLUGAN WOULD LIKE THE WORK....'

ART? GREAT ART?... YOU CALL DIS!... ACH!... I FRITZ SHLUGAN, TELL YOU IT IS **FOURTH RATE**... HE HAS A PALETTE OF MUD!! A BRUSH LIKE A BROOM! HE **STINKS!**



...YOUR FATHER HEARD THIS AND FLEW INTO A RAGE... AND WHO COULD BLAME HIM....

TAKE THAT BACK, SHLUGAN!... TAKE IT BACK OR I'LL KILL YOU!... YOU KNOW IT'S NOT TRUE....

ACH!...

UNHAND HIM

FROM ME... TAKE HIM AWAY, DIS... DIS **FAKER**... SHLUGAN HAS **SPOKEN!**



YASSI WAS A PROUD MAN AND HE KNEW THAT HIS GIFT WAS NOT **FOURTH RATE**... THAT SHLUGAN WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE FOREMOST

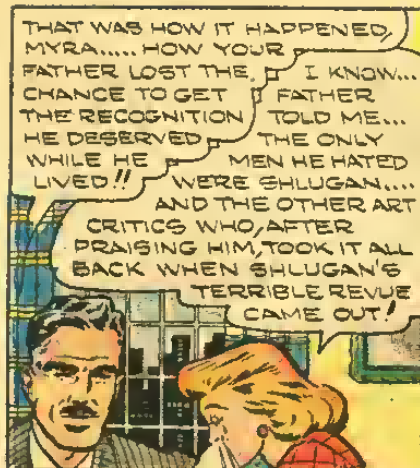
ART CRITIC WAS ONLY BEING SENSATIONAL IN REJECTING WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE ACCLAIMED....

FIRST MY APPETITE HE RUIN VID HISS PICTURES... DEN YET HE HASS DER NERVE TO MAKE ME THREATS! HE VILL BE SORRY, SHLUGAN HAS **SPOKE!**

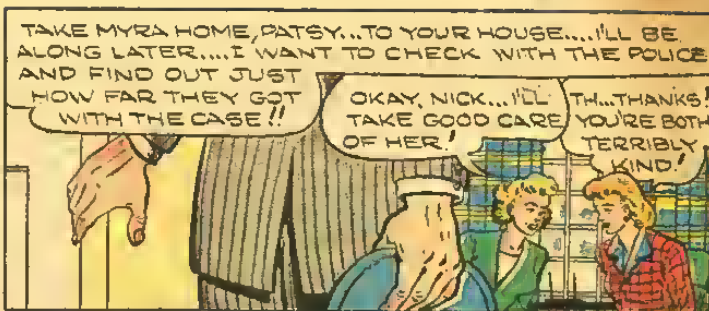
LET ME GO! LET ME AT THAT OVERSTUFFED IGNORAMOUS! HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT ART... TAKE IT EASY, YASSI... YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT WORSE FOR YOURSELF!



TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER** OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



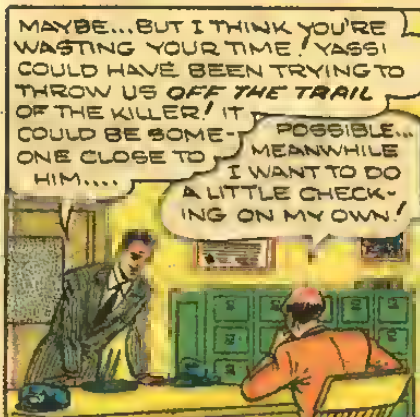
THAT WAS HOW IT HAPPENED, MYRA..... HOW YOUR FATHER LOST THE CASE. I KNOW... CHANCE TO GET THE RECOGNITION HE DESERVED... THE ONLY WHILE HE LIVED!! MEN HE HATED WERE SHLUGAN... AND THE OTHER ART CRITICS WHO, AFTER PRAISING HIM, TOOK IT ALL BACK WHEN SHLUGAN'S TERRIBLE REVUE CAME OUT!



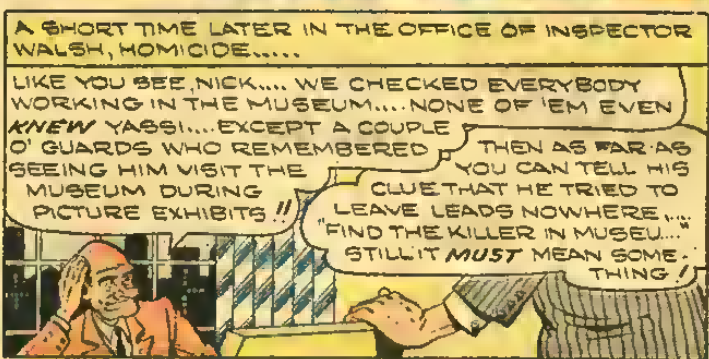
TAKE MYRA HOME, PATSY... TO YOUR HOUSE... I'LL BE ALONG LATER... I WANT TO CHECK WITH THE POLICE AND FIND OUT JUST HOW FAR THEY GOT WITH THE CASE!!

OKAY, NICK... I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.

TH... THANKS! YOU'RE BOTH TERRIBLY KIND!



MAYBE... BUT I THINK YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. YASSI COULD HAVE BEEN TRYING TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL OF THE KILLER! IT COULD BE SOME- POSSIBLE... MEANWHILE ONE CLOSE TO HIM.... I WANT TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING ON MY OWN!

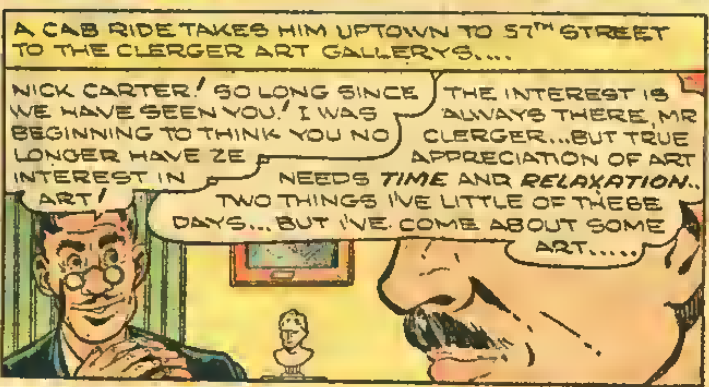


A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR WALSH, HOMICIDE....

LIKE YOU SEE, NICK.... WE CHECKED EVERYBODY WORKING IN THE MUSEUM.... NONE OF 'EM EVEN KNEW YASSI... EXCEPT A COUPLE O' GUARDS WHO REMEMBERED THEN AS FAR AS SEEING HIM VISIT THE MUSEUM DURING PICTURE EXHIBITS!! YOU CAN TELL HIS CLUE THAT HE TRIED TO LEAVE LEADS NOWHERE... "FIND THE KILLER IN MUSEUM... STILL IT MUST MEAN SOME- THING!"

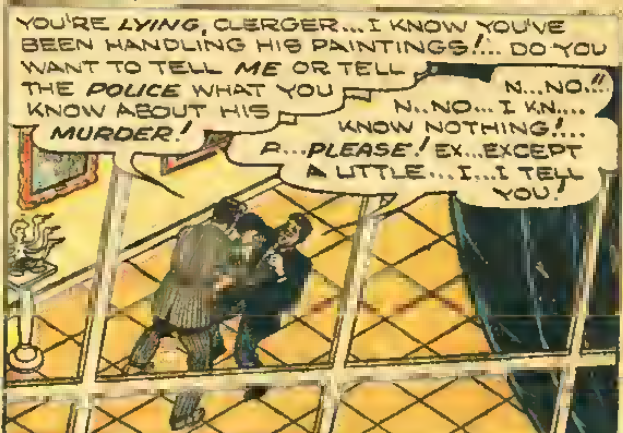


...THE ART OF VLADIMUR YASSI... WHO'S BEEN BUYING HIS PICTURES FROM YOU? YASSI?... YOU MAKE WITH ZE JOKE! NO?... YASSI... WHO WOULD BUY HIS PICTURES I HAVE N... NOT SEEN A YASSI PAINTING..... IN YEARS..... NOW... EXCUSE ME... I'M BUSY!



A CAB RIDE TAKES HIM UPTOWN TO 57TH STREET TO THE CLERGER ART GALLERY'S...

NICK CARTER! SO LONG SINCE WE HAVE SEEN YOU! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU NO LONGER HAVE ZE INTEREST IN ART! THE INTEREST IS ALWAYS THERE, MR CLERGER... BUT TRUE APPRECIATION OF ART NEEDS TIME AND RELAXATION.. TWO THINGS I'VE LITTLE OF THESE DAYS... BUT I'VE COME ABOUT SOME ART....



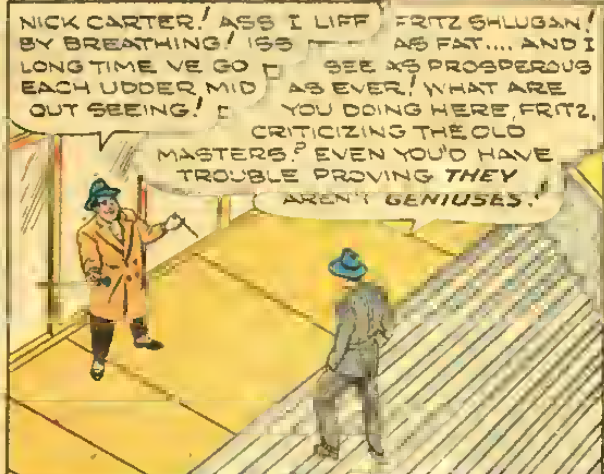
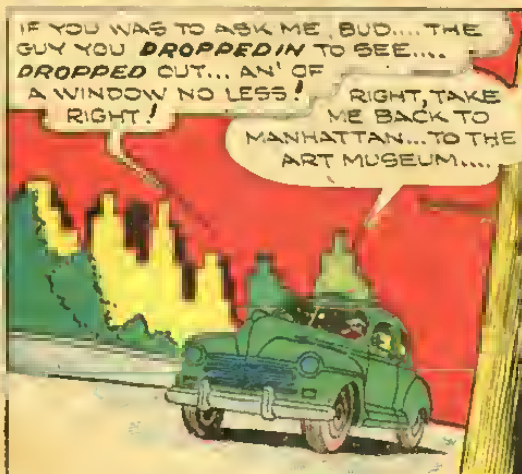
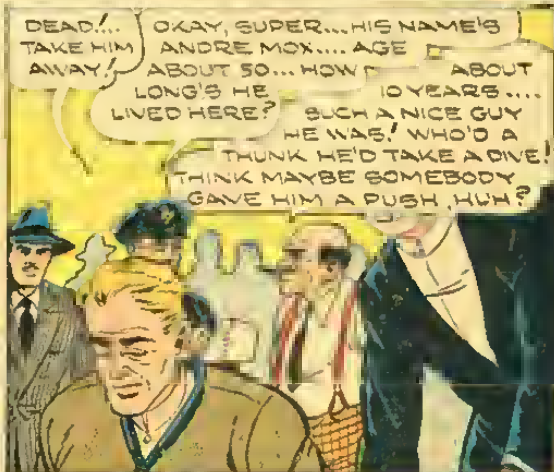
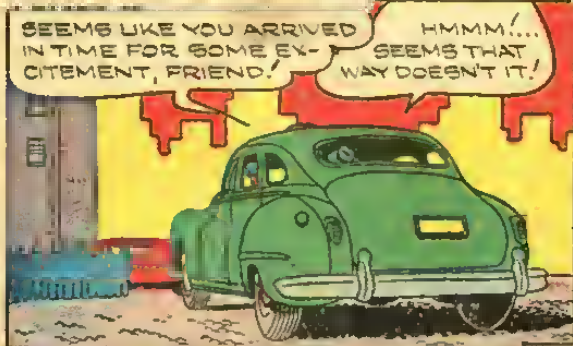
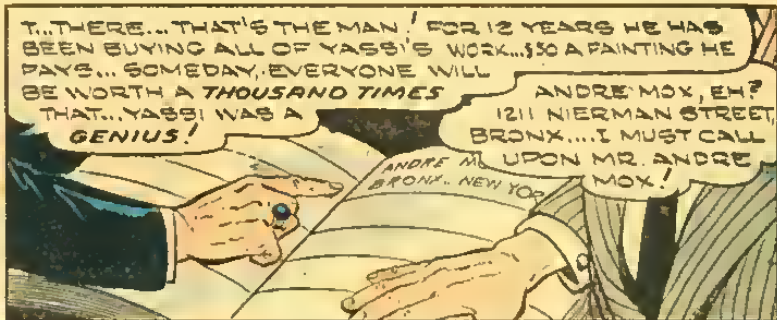
YOU'RE LYING, CLERGER... I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HANDLING HIS PAINTINGS!... DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME OR TELL THE POLICE WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS MURDER! N... NO... I KN... KNOW NOTHING!... PLEASE! EX... EXCEPT A LITTLE... I... I TELL YOU!

SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER





A FEW MINUTES LATER AT A NEARBY BAR....

NICK...UFF ALL THE THINGS I DO IN MY LIFE... VAT I DO TO YASSI IT GIVES TO ME GREAT PAIN... I WAS NOT NOT KIND TO HIM... I MAKE A BIG MISTAKE... YASSI WAS A REAL GENIUS.....

IT'S A LITTLE LATE TO ADMIT IT, DON'T YOU THINK, SHLUGAN?... NOW THAT HE'S DEAD.

NEFFER TOO LATE IT IS!... I AM NOT A LITTLE MAN... I AM BIG... I ADMIT MISTAKE... I WRITE BIG ARTICLE AN' SAY "SHLUGAN WRONG" I WILL MAKE FOREVER HIS ART LIVE!

NOT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT ANDRE MOX IS DEAD?

ISS DEAD? WHO IS DIS... I KNOW HIM MAYBE?... HIS NAME MAKES NO BELL RINGING IN MY HEAD!

FORGET IT.... I'VE GOT TO GET GOING... I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A PICTURE IN THE MUSEUM....

WATCH HIM... EFFRY SECOND! IF HE FINDS DERE PICTURE... YOU KNOW VAT TO DO!

AT THE PRICES YOU'RE PAYIN' ME.... HOW COULD I FORGET!

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER... NICK HAS PASSED FROM ONE HALL TO THE OTHER, EXAMINING PICTURE AFTER PICTURE VERY CLOSELY.... EVERY SECOND, HE HAS BEEN CLOSELY WATCHED....

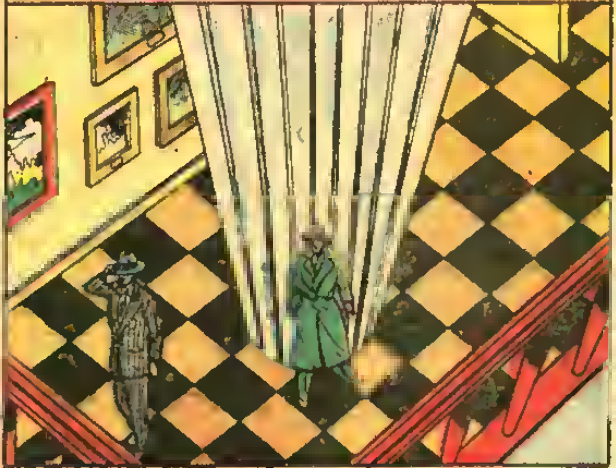
NICK PASSES TO THE NEXT PICTURE AND....

ONE MORE PICTURE, CARTER, AND YOU'LL BE A VERY STILL LIFE!!

BUT NICK PAUSES TO LOOK AT HIS WRIST WATCH.....



...TURNS AND HEADS BACK THROUGH THE GALLERY...THE GUNMAN BARELY HAS TIME TO DUCK OUT OF SIGHT.....



A HALF HOUR LATER, NICK SHOWS UP AT PATSY'S APARTMENT.....

OH, NICK!... WE'VE BEEN WORRIED, NOT HEARING FROM YOU IN ALL THIS TIME.



HAVE YOU LEARNED ANYTHING...CAN YOU FIND FATHER'S KILLERS?

I NEED YOUR HELP, MYRA...I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHO YOUR FATHER'S FRIENDS WERE... ESPECIALLY ONE MAN...

HE...HE DIDN'T HAVE MANY...THERE WAS MR. WATSON, THE ART STORE OWNER,WHO USED TO COME UP AND PLAY CHESS WITH HIM.... ANDRE MOX, A SALES-MAN,WHO WORSHIPPED FATHER'S PAINTINGS, AND BOUGHT THEM.....

MOX!...HA!... THINGS BEGIN TO MAKE SENSE...NOW

SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THIS MAN...I'VE JUST DRAWN A ROUGH SKETCH OF HIM FROM MEMORY....



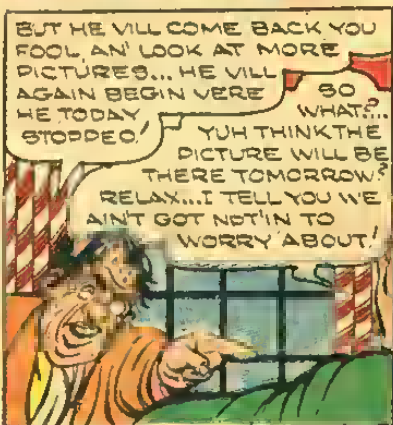
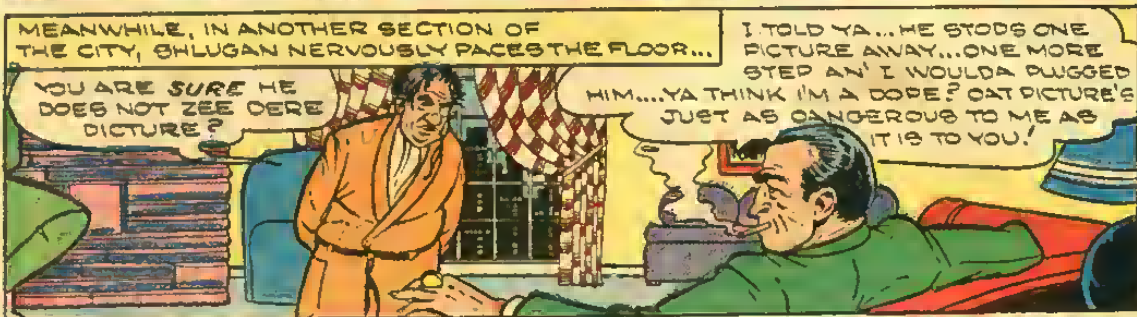
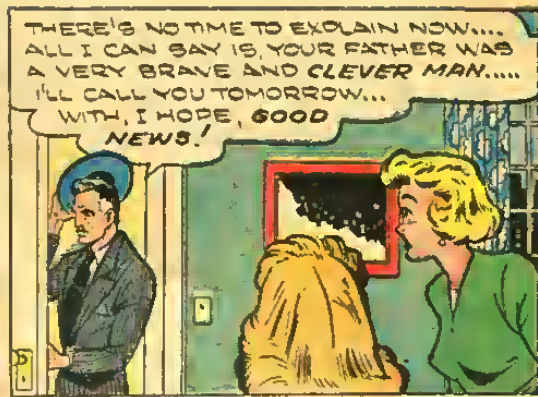
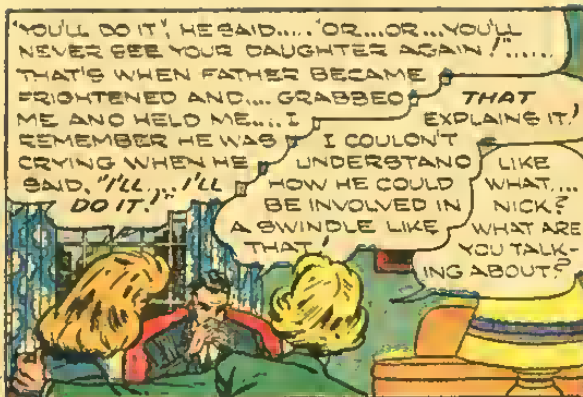
THAT... THAT TERRIBLE MAN!



YES.. YES!...I REMEMBER! IT WAS OVER FIVE YEARS AGO...I WAS JUST A CHILD... HE CAME TO THE HOUSE ONE NIGHT AND STARTED FIGHTING WITH FATHER! HE MADE FATHER VERY ANGRY...THEN HE HIT FATHER! I WAS IN THE NEXT ROOM AND I OPENED THE DOOR AND RAN OUT... HE HIT ME TOO...THEN LEFT!

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT?... ANYTHING HE SAID?



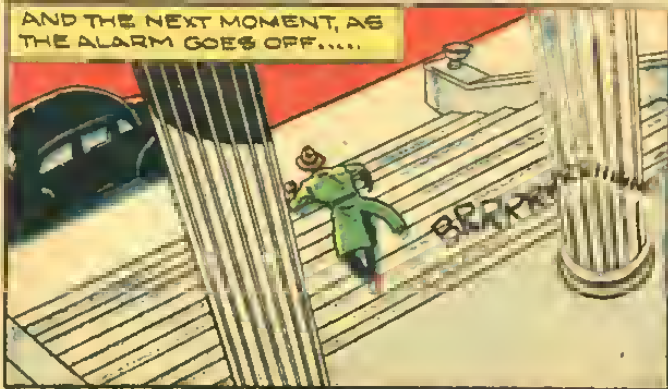


THE FOLLOWING MORNING, JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER OPENING TIME, A HALL GUARD MAKING HIS FIRST TOUR COMES INTO THE RUBENS HALL AND THE NEXT INSTANT...

GLUG... GLUG...
HAAAALLP!
IT'S GONE!
HAAAALLP!!!



AND THE NEXT MOMENT, AS THE ALARM GOES OFF.....



YOU GOTTING IT?

CERTAINLY!...
NOW STEP ON
IT!...THEY'LL BE
AFTER US!



WAITING JUST HALF A BLOCK DOWN THE STREET, NICK GIVES PATSY THE HIGH SIGN WHEN THE GETAWAY CAR FLASHES PAST.....

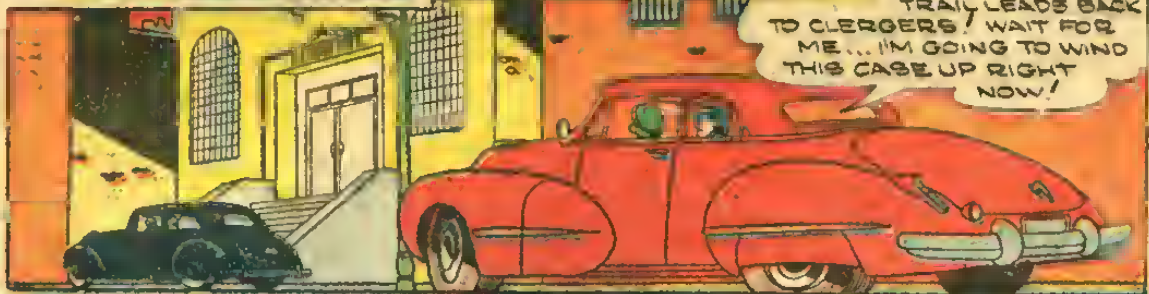
DON'T LET 'EM OUT OF
YOUR SIGHT, PATSY OR
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO SOLVE THIS
CASE....

DON'T WORRY
JUST HOLD
TIGHT!



AFTER A FAST CHASE THROUGH
HEAVY TRAFFIC.....

STOP HERE,
PATSY... SO THE
TRAIL LEADS BACK
TO CLERGERS! WAIT FOR
ME... I'M GOING TO WIND
THIS CASE UP RIGHT
NOW!



SUDDENLY....
GO RIGHT INTO THE
OFFICE, MR. CARTER..

YEAH!... COME IN, PAL...
WE BEEN
EXPECTIN'
YOU!



VE AGAIN MEET, CARTER!

YES...AND I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT NONE OF YOU DISAPPOINTED ME. THE WAY I WORKED OUT THE "PATTERN" ON YASSI'S MURDER, EACH ONE OF YOU WAS AN INTEGRAL PART!

HE HE... IT'S A SHAME YOU WILL NOT BE AROUND TO MAKE ANOTHER "PATTERN" ABOUT WHO IS CONCERNED WIZ YOUR MURDER!

WE HAVE PUT 12 YEARS INTO THIS YASSI ENTERPRIZE... YOU SEE, WHEN I FIRST SAW YASSI'S WORK, I KNEW HE WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST PAINTERS OF ALL TIME....

SO.... MIT ME, CLERGER MAKES MIT DER PARTNERSHIP... HE GIFFS TO YASSI DER EXHIBIT... I GIFF DER BAD REVUE....

I SAY HE STINKS... WHEN SHLUGAN SAY HE STINKS DER WORLD SAY HE STINKS!

AND SO, WE ARRANGE FOR A MAN NAMED ANDRE MOX TO BECOME HIS FRIEND AND BUY HIS PAINTINGS FOR \$50 EACH... SOMETIMES LESS... AS A RESULT WE OWN EVERY YASSI PAINTING IN THE WORLD!

ANT WHEN I DISCOVER YASSI, NOW DAT HE ISS DEAD... WHEN I ZAY HE ISS THE GREATEST PAINTER FROM OUR TIME... WE VILL MAKE DER FORTUNE...

A DIRTY RACKET! BUT WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?

MOX BECAME GREEDY... HE REALIZED OUR PLANS AND THREATENED TO TELL YASSI, BEFORE WE HAD A CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM, HE TOLD HIM... NATURALLY YASSI WAS DOING US NO GOOD AIVE NOT PAINTING.

SO WE KILLED HIM IN ORDER TO SELL DER PAINTINGS... UND WHEN CLERGER KNEW YOU VAS ON MOX'S TRAIL, VE KILL HIM TOO!

I SEE... AND THE AFFAIR OF THE PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM WAS ALSO YOUR IDEA... YOU WANTED SOME QUICK MONEY, SO YOU FORCED HIM TO COPY THE RUBENS PRO-CESSIONAL BY THREATENING TO KILL HIS YOUNG DAUGHTER?

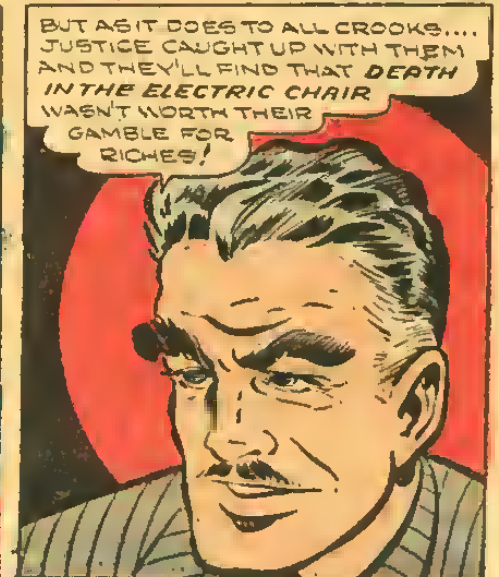
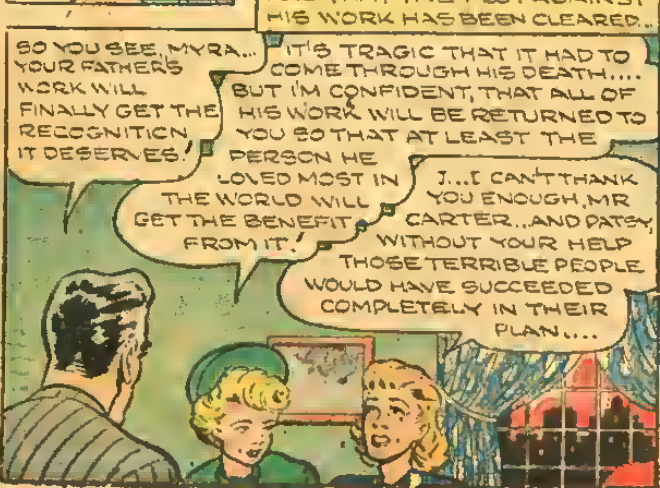
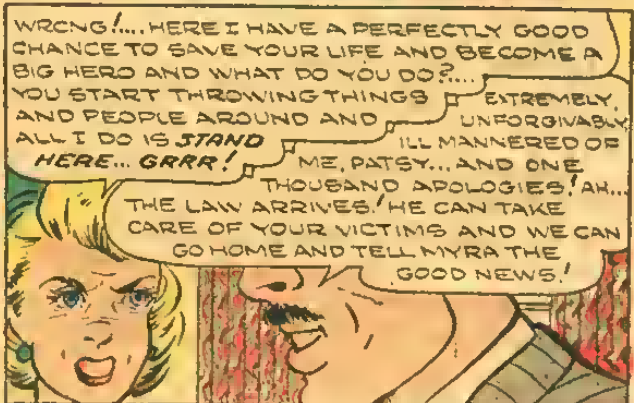
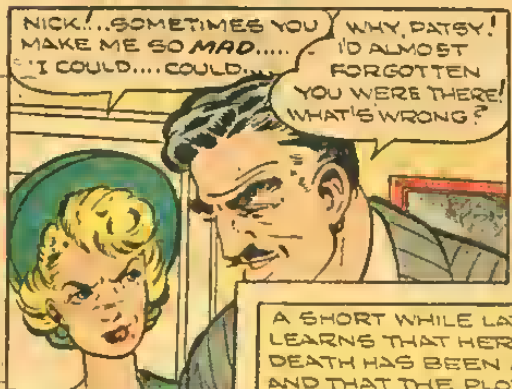
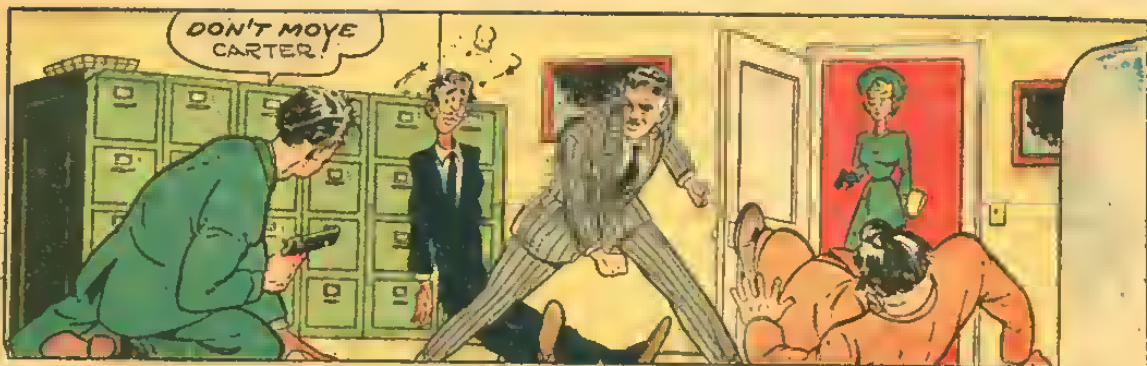
RIGHT!... I HAD A BUYER WHO WOULD PAY \$100,000 FOR THE PICTURE... THROUGH YASSI'S DAUGHTER IT WAS SIMPLE TO FORCE HIM TO MAKE THE COPY!

BUT YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT IT TOO CLOSELY... OR YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN THAT TWO OF THE MOST VILLAINOUS FIGURES IN THE COPY ARE THOSE OF THE TWO MEN HE HATED THE MOST... SHLUGAN, AND THISTHUB!

CARELESS OF US... BUT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, CARTER... THE DANGER WILL BE PASSED!

SUDDENLY, A SHRILL VOICE ISSUES A TERSE COMMAND AND NICK SPRINGS INTO ACTION....

HANDS UP!



DON'T MOYE
CARTER!

BANG!

I WARNED
YOU...UGH!

THANK'S...
BUT IN...
YOUR...
CASE... I'M
DEAF!

WHAM!

AND LET THIS BE...
A WARNING TO
YOU!

GUGH!

NICK!...SOMETIMES YOU
MAKE ME SO MAD.....
I COULD....COULD.....

WHY, PATSY!
I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN
YOU WERE THERE!
WHAT'S WRONG?

WRONG!....HERE I HAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD
CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND BECOME A
BIG HERO AND WHAT DO YOU DO?...
YOU START THROWING THINGS
AND PEOPLE AROUND AND
ALL I DO IS **STAND**
HERE... GRRR!

EXTREMELY,
UNFORGIVABLY,
ILL MANNERED OF

ME, PATSY...AND ONE
THOUSAND APOLOGIES! AH...
THE LAW ARRIVES, HE CAN TAKE
CARE OF YOUR VICTIMS AND WE CAN
GO HOME AND TELL MYRA THE
GOOD NEWS!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, MYRA
LEARNS THAT HER FATHER'S
DEATH HAS BEEN AVENGED...
AND THAT THE PLOT AGAINST
HIS WORK HAS BEEN CLEARED...

SO YOU SEE, MYRA...
YOUR FATHER'S
WORK WILL
FINALLY GET THE
RECOGNITION
IT DESERVES!

IT'S TRAGIC THAT IT HAD TO
COME THROUGH HIS DEATH....
BUT I'M CONFIDENT, THAT ALL OF
HIS WORK WILL BE RETURNED TO
YOU SO THAT AT LEAST THE
PERSON HE
LOVED MOST IN
THE WORLD WILL
GET THE BENEFIT
FROM IT.

J...I CAN'T THANK
YOU ENOUGH, MR
CARTER...AND PATSY,
WITHOUT YOUR HELP
THOSE TERRIBLE PEOPLE
WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED
COMPLETELY IN THEIR
PLAN....

BUT AS IT DOES TO ALL CROOKS....
JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM
AND THEY'LL FIND THAT **DEATH**
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
WASN'T WORTH THEIR
GAMBLE FOR
RICHES!

CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE

THE THIRD EYE!

Rap, rap! Chick Carter smashed the gavel down on the table. He hit it so hard that the pitcher and glasses jumped. The members of the Inner Circle jumped too. Chick said, "The meeting will now come to order if Beef can shut up for a little while."

Grinning, Beef whispered to Sue, "Chick must have a bug in his ear. Wonder what's up?"

"Perhaps," Sue whispered, "if you kept still, we might find out!"

Chick said, "Nick won't be along till later. He's tied up." Chick was worried. The case that his famous foster father was working on was a tough one. The police, the medical examiner . . . and even Nick were baffled . . . or had been when Chick had left to come to the meeting. He said, "You may have read about the case that we're working on in the papers."

"It's that unpleasant 'accident' that happened out at the Fargo Explosives company."

The members certainly had read about it. It was a major catastrophe and it was just luck that had prevented it from being worse. Somehow some t.n.t. had exploded. A whole building had vanished as if it had never been. The luck came from the fact that only one man, a chemist, was thought to have been in the building at the time. If it had not been the lunch hour hundreds and hundreds of people would have been killed!

"I can see," Chick said, "that you have read about it. Dr. Rennley, the chemist who was

in the building was the only one to die. But . . ." Chick lowered his voice, "there is a new element. One of the other research men, Tom Dooley is also missing . . . and as far as any; one knows he was angry at Rennley . . . it doesn't seem possible that a man would set off a charge of t.n.t. just to get even with one man . . . but . . ."

"The police have checked and Dooley is gone. His possessions are gone from the hotel room where he lived. The word has gone out and all means of exit from the city are being watched."

"In the meantime, though, Nick, and the police have a tough nut to crack . . . because with the way the building went up in dust there is no evidence. . . . There is so little of Dr. Rennley left that the autopsy was a farce . . ."

The members shuddered.

"However," Chick cleared his throat, "if Dooley can be located the police hope they can grill the truth out of him!"

The door opened. Chick and the other members looked at it. Nick Carter came into the room. He looked tired and almost ill. Chick said; "You all right, Nick?"

Nick nodded. He went up on the podium next to Chick, poured himself a glass of water and said, "Yes. I'm all right. But I hope we never have another case like this one."

"Did you get Dooley?" Chick asked.

"Uh huh," Nick said, "we got him all right. Not the way we expected, but we got him."

Chick looked puzzled. He said, "I've given the members a brief outline of what happened at the explosives plant. Do you want to take over?"

Nick nodded, "Yes, I guess so. You've told them that we thought Dr. Rennley was killed in the explosion, and that Dooley caused the explosion?"

"Yes . . . why isn't that correct?"

"Mmm . . . no, not quite . . . You see . . . Rennley was in his sixties and Dooley was only twenty three. If it hadn't been for that, one of the most vicious killers I have ever heard of would have gone scot free!"

The members of the Inner Circle were puzzled. What could the difference in ages mean?

Chick voiced the question that was in all their minds. "What's that got to do with it, dad?"

"You remember that we sifted the ashes for a trace of Dr. Rennley . . . and that we found enough of his head to be identifiable as a head . . . well . . . that was what did it!"

"Let's go back a bit. You know that there was bad feeling between Rennley and Dooley. We took for granted that Dooley had killed Rennley. What we didn't take into account was that if Dooley was angry at Rennley, then Rennley was probably angry at Dooley."

"You mean . . ." Chick paused.

"Yes. We had the crime backwards. Rennley killed Dooley."

Beef interrupted. "But if there was no evidence . . . if the explosion blew everything sky high, how in the world could you find out that? I don't get it."

"Because of the third eye that everyone has," Nick said and looked even more tired.

Beef looked at Sue and said, "I don't see your third eye, where do you hide it?"

Nick said, "In the center of the brain half way down from the top of your skull is something called the pineal gland. As far as anyone knows this is some kind of primitive third eye. In some reptiles mainly one that lives in Tasmania, the third eye still works. In humans there is no known function of this eye or gland. All that is known about it is one thing and it was that one thing, that caught Dr.

Rennley!"

Chick said, "Then it was Rennley who took Dooley's things out of his hotel room?"

"Yes, he was careful, he wanted us to think that he had died at the hand of Dooley and that Dooley was in hiding somewhere. You see the fight between the two men was because of the fact that Dooley thought he had found evidence that Rennley was trafficking with some foreign power . . . that some munitions secrets were going straight from the plant overseas. . . . We have found that Dooley's suspicions were only too correct.

"Rennley had good reason to try and disappear. However, it never occurred to him that we would be looking for him. We caught him boarding a ship for South America.

"And on his person there was enough evidence to have him shot for treason even if we can't prove murder on him!"

"That's good news," Chick said, "but let's get back to that third eye!" Chick looked at his foster father, "What's that got to do with all this?"

"When the medical examiner went to work on what we thought was the remains of Dr. Rennley he found the pineal gland had not been affected by the explosion. You see buried in the center of the skull the way it is, it was protected. When the doctor found that the pineal gland was uncalcified we knew that the corpse could not be that of Dr. Rennley!"

"Why?" Chick asked.

"The one thing we know about the pineal gland," Nick said, "is that it calcifies when a person passes the age of thirty! It hardens into a tiny bone-like button."

"And that little clue upset all of Dr. Rennley's plans!" Chick said. "Sometimes it does seem that murder will out!"

"I'm glad this one did!" Nick said and put his hat and coat on. "Rennley was one killer that I was only too glad to catch!" He went out through the door.

Chick said, "That ends this month's meeting of the Inner Circle . . . but don't forget, next month . . . same time . . . same place!" He followed his famous foster father out the door.

CHICK CARTER

OF THE INNER CIRCLE

IN. "A STORY OF REVENGE!"

CHICK CARTER WHO WAS SAVED FROM A LIFE OF WANT AND POSSIBLY CRIME BY HIS FOSTER PARENT, NICK CARTER, LEARNED FROM BITTER EXPERIENCE THAT MOST KIDS ARE GOOD AT HEART IF GIVEN THE PROPER CHANCE, AND THE KIND OF UNDERSTANDING THAT HELPS THEM UNDERSTAND.

TO FIND OUT WHY AND TO HELP KIDS WHO HAVE GONE WRONG IS THE MAIN PURPOSE OF THE INNER CIRCLE CLUB OF WHICH CHICK IS FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT.

HERE IS A SHOCKING, EXCITING EPISODE WHERE A BOY'S REVENGE AGAINST HIS OWN FATHER LED TO TRAGEDY.

DICK ROCK WELLS

THE TRAGEDY BEGAN WITH THE BOY'S FATHER, CHESTER SPERCE, AN ACCOUNTANT FOR A LARGE FIRM - ONE OF MANY WHO WORKED IN THE SAME OFFICE. HE HEARD THE CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE DOOR SLAM AND THE NEXT INSTANT...

SPERCE!... YOU DIM-WITTED BOTCHER YOU!... D'YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

YOU MADE A MISTAKE OF \$500. ON GRIMLY'S STATEMENT!... AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT!... BOSH!... I OUGHTA TAKE THE 500 DOLLARS OFF YOUR SALARY!

B: BUT... BUT M-MR. BENCH P-PLEASE... NOT SO LOUD... IN FRONT OF EVERYONE!

I WANT 'EM TO KNOW WHAT A STUPID, BUNGLING IDIOT YOU ARE... I SHOULD FIRE YOU!

NOW GET BACK TO WORK AND STRAIGHTEN IT OUT!

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, CHESTER SPERCE FUMED AND RAGED WITHIN AT THE EMBARRASSMENT CAUSED BY HIS SADISTIC BOSS . . . ON THE WAY HOME, HIS FURY HADN'T SUBSIDED . . .



CALLING ME "STUPID" . . . AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF SERVICE! DISGRACING ME! . . . ME - A RESPECTED MAN IN MY COMMUNITY . . . ME - THE PRESIDENT OF MY LODGE! . . .



HOW I'D LIKE TO GET EVEN WITH THAT FAT, LOUDMOUTHEO SLOB! . . . GET EVEN! SOMEDAY . . . SOMEDAY . . . GET EVEN!

HE ARRIVES HOME, FILLED WITH GREATER ANGER THAN EVER . . .



HELLO, DARLING! HARD DAY?

YES - AND A LOT YOU KNOW ABOUT IT! . . . WHAT I GO THROUGH FOR YOU AND THAT BRAT OF OURS!



WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED THIS TIME? . . . DID MR. BENCH LOSE HIS TEMPER AGAIN?

DON'T NAG ME! WHERE'S DOUG? WHY ISN'T HE HOME? HE SHOULD BE HOME STUDYING!

HE FINISHED HIS WORK AND WENT OUT TO GET A LITTLE AIR. . . NOW DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER WITH HIM AGAIN! . . . HE'LL LEARN TO HATE YOU!



HATE ME? . . . I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT UN-GRATEFUL WELD HATE ME, HIS OWN FATHER! JUST LET HIM TRY I'LL SHOW HIM!

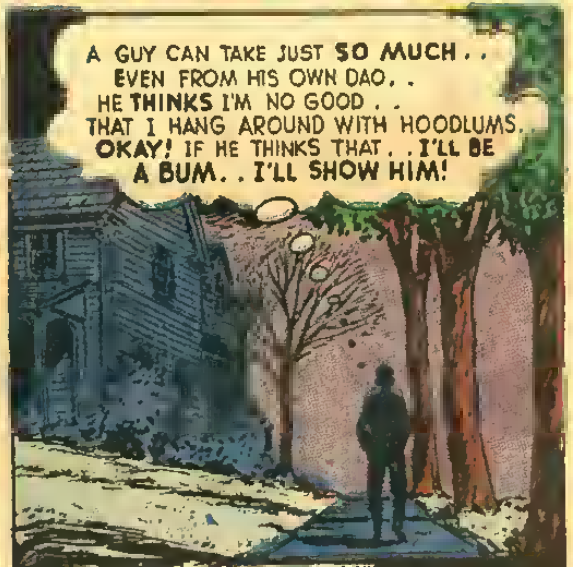
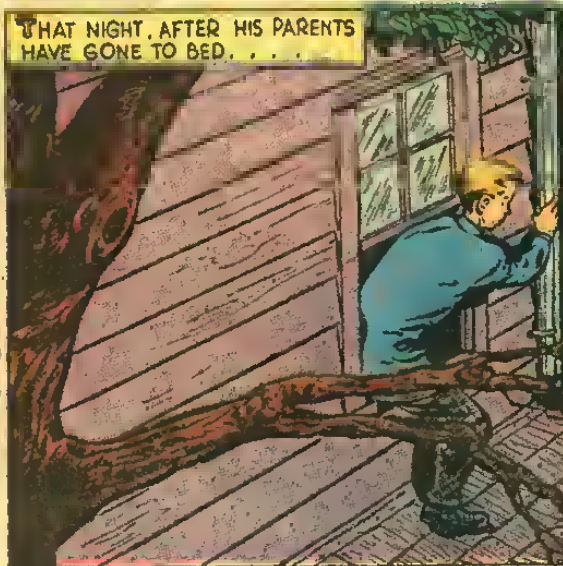
HI! EVERYBODY DINNER READY?? HEY - WHAT'S WRONG NOW? WHAT HAVE I DONE THIS TIME?



SLAMMING THE DOOR AGAIN! AND OUT BUMMING AROUND! I'LL NOT STAND FOR IT ANYMORE. I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

CHESTER! . . . THE BOY'S DONE NOTHING WRONG YOU'VE NO RIGHT!





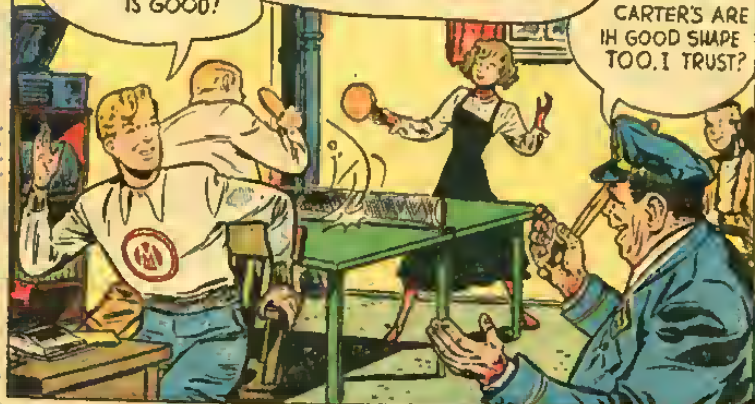
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER SCHOOL, OFFICER CLANCY, A CLOSE FRIEND OF CHICK CARTER AND THE INNER CIRCLE DROPS AROUND TO INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS.

OFFICER CLANCY! ... IT'S FOIN T' BE SEEIH' Y' MAN... I'M TRUSTIN' Y'RE HEALTH AN' THAT O' THE MISSUS IS GOOD!

THAT IT IS, CHICK MEYB, AN' THE CARTER'S ARE IH GOOD SHAPE TOO, I TRUST?

I GOT A BIT O' DISTURBIN' NEWS FER Y' CHICK... SEEMS THAT ONE O' Y'RE INNER CIRCLE MEMBERS IS MOVIN' IN BAD COMPANY, I'M SPEAKIN' O' JERRY SPERCE...

HOW DO YOU KNOW, CLANCY? I DONT GET IT, HE ATTENDED BASKETBALL PRACTICE YESTERDAY.



BUT LAST HIGHT HE WAS SHOOTIN POOL AT THE ACE POOL PARLOR WHERE THE TOWN HOODLUMS HANG OUT... MAYBE YD BETTER HAVE A BIT O' A TALK WITH HIM AN' FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!

I SURE WILL, CLANCY... THANKS FOR THE TIP!



A SHORT TIME LATER, WHEN JERRY ARRIVES HOME FOR DINNER, HE FINDS CHICK WAITING FOR HIM.

HI, JERRY... WE MISSED YOU AT THE CLUB HOUSE THIS AFTER-NOON AT BASKETBALL PRACTICE... SOMETHING WRONG?

WRONG?... WHY SHOULD THERE BE?... IF I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYIN' BASKETBALL WHAT'S IT TO YOU? YOU'RE NOT MY KEEPER!... OR... OR MY FATHER!



NOW WAIT A SEC' I... WE'RE FRIENDS... IF SOMETHING'S TROUBLING YOU, OR IF SOMETHING'S WRONG, TELL ME ABOUT IT, MAYBE I CAN HELP...

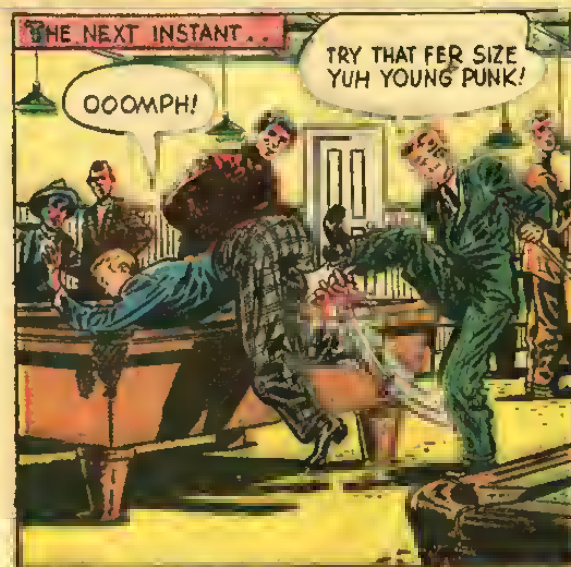
I DONT HEED YOUR HELP OR ANYBODY'S!... I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN' AND I DONT WANT YOU MEDDLIN' IN MY BUSINESS IS THAT CLEAR?

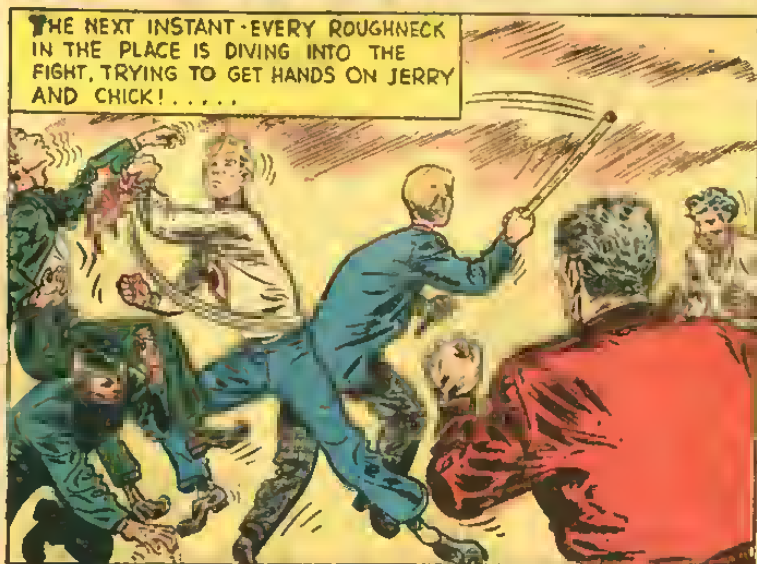
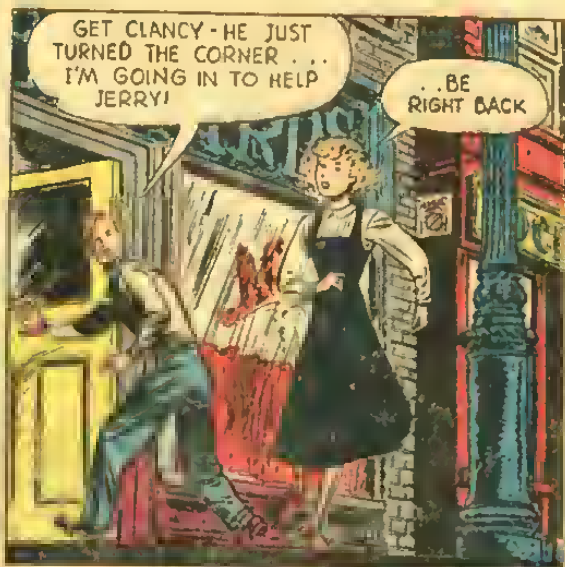
NOT VERY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU?... .

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS... NOW BEAT IT AN' DONT BOTHER ME! THAT SHOULD BE CLEAR ENOUGH!... G'BYE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, CHICK AND SUE SEE JERRY GO INTO THE POOL PARLOR WHERE THE LOWEST ELEMENTS OF MADISON CONGREGATE





IN AN INSTANT, CHICK AND JERRY ARE BEING
ATTACKED FROM EVERY CORNER...THEY
FIGHT FURIOUSLY, BUT THE ODDS ARE PILING
UP ON THEM QUICKLY UNTIL...



Y' YOUNG HOODLUMS Y'...
LEAVE UP 'ER I'LL BREAK Y'RE HEADS
THICK AS Y'RE SKULLS ARE!...LEAVE
UP DY SAY!...

BREAK IT UP 'R Y'LL
FEEL ME CLUB, I TELLY'
BREAK IT UP! SWAN,
BEAT IT!



LET GO...I'M NOT
LEAVIN'...WHAT'S THE
IDEA ANYWAY? I'M NO
BABY...I CAN TAKE
CARE O' MYSELF...
I'M STAYIN' DYA HEAR!



WH-WHAT?...THE
YOUNG PERP'S GONE
BATTY!...CMON YOU!

THINK OF YOUR
FAMILY
JERRY...YOUR
MOTHER AND FATHER!

I AM
THINKIN'
ABOUT 'EM!
NOW
LET ME
ALONE!

BUT,
JERRY...

NO CHICK
BY RIGHTS, I
COULD DRAG
HIM IN...MAKE
A SCANDAL...
BUT I WON'T...Y'RE
COMIN' HOME YOUNG
FELLA... RIGHT
NOW!

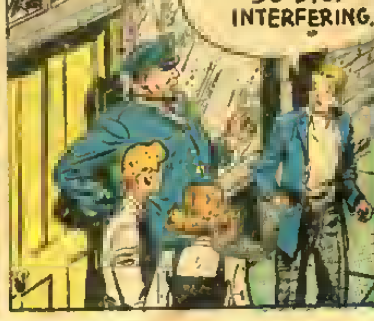
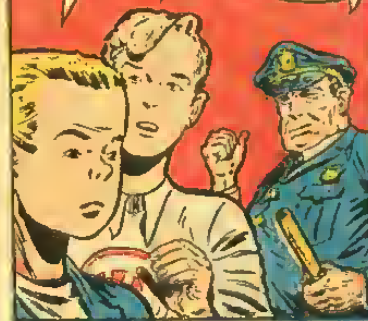
YEAH! MAYBE HE
AIN'T SLUMMIN'!

MAYBE WE
CAN USE HIM.
HE'D MAKE A
GOOD FRONT!

THE
YOUNG
SQUIRT'S
GOT GUTS!
HE PUT UP
A FIGHT AND
HE SURE WASN'T
KIDDIN' WHEN HE
SAID HE WANTED
TO STAY!

NOW ME BY...
DY' WANT TO BE
APOLIGZIN' 'FER
NOT BEIN' GRATE-
FUL TO YERE FRIEND,
CHICK? AN' I
THINK Y' BETTER
BE GETTIN' HOME
FORE YERE FOLKS
ARE A WORRYIN'.

I'LL
GO HOME,
BUT
DON'T
THINK YOU
DID ME ANY
FAVORS
I KNOW
WHAT I'M
DOING
CHICK!...
SO STOP
INTERFERING.



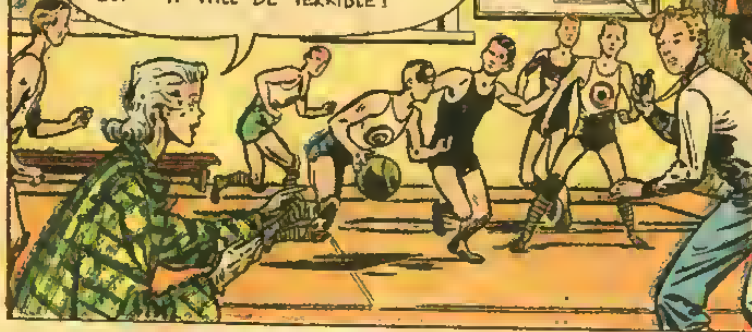
THE FOLLOWING EVENING, CHICK IS REFEREE AT A BASKETBALL GAME WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARS MRS. SPERCE CALL HIM. . . .

CHICK... CHICK HAVE YOU SEEN JERRY?.....HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING IN HIS ROOM AND WHEN I WENT UP TO SEE HIM, HE WAS GONE! IF HIS FATHER FINDS OUT - IT WILL BE TERRIBLE!

WHAT?...WHY NO, MRS. SPERCE HE HASN'T BEEN HERE..BUT...I THINK I CAN FIND HIM FOR YOU...

GO HOME.. I'LL DO MY BEST TO FIND HIM AND GET HIM BACK INSIDE BEFORE HIS FATHER DISCOVERS HE'S GONE!

PLEASE!... HURRY!... HIS FATHER HAS BECOME TERRIBLY STRICT AND... AND H-HARD ON HIM!



MEANWHILE, FINGERS AND TURK ARE PUTTING A PROPOSITION TO JERRY...

WELL - HOW ABOUT IT, KID.... Y'IN?

WELL....O... OKAY... BUT NO ROUGH STUFF, RIGHT?

'COURSE NOT!... WE TREAT ALL 'CLIENTS' WIT' KID GLOVES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER....

OKAY-HE'S COMIN'-YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY... WE'LL DO THE REST!

BUT NO ROUGH STUFF! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT IF....

RELAX! WE PROMISED Y' DIDN'T WE!



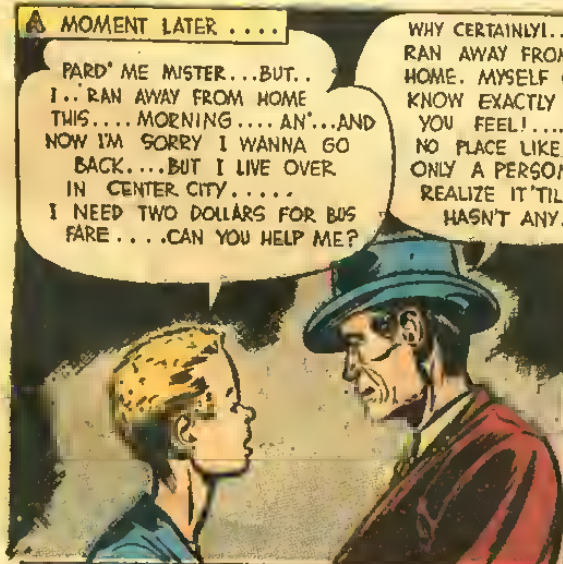
A MOMENT LATER....

PARD' ME MISTER...BUT.. I.. RAN AWAY FROM HOME THIS....MORNING.... AN'...AND NOW I'M SORRY I WANNA GO BACK....BUT I LIVE OVER IN CENTER CITY..... I NEED TWO DOLLARS FOR BUS FARE....CAN YOU HELP ME?

WHY CERTAINLY!.. RAN AWAY FROM HOME. MYSELF ONCE KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL!....THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME- ONLY A PERSON DOESN'T REALIZE IT'TILL HE HASN'T ANY....

SUDDENLY JERRY LOOKS OVER THE MAN'S SHOULDER TO SEE.

NO... DON'T... YOU PROMISED!..



AT THIS MOMENT, CHICK CARTER IS ON THE WAY TO THE ACE POOL PARLOR WHERE HE IS CONFIDENT HE WILL FIND JERRY. HE IS ALMOST THERE WHEN

HELP... HELP... OWWW! YOU CAN'T DO THIS... YOU PROMISED!... STOP IT! SHUT UP OR WE'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

SHUT UP!.. HEAR ME.. WE'RE "MUGGERS" YOU'RE IN ON IT NOW, TOO... SO KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT OR YOU'LL LAND US ALL IN THE CLINK!

BUT.. I DIDN'T WANT... YOU DIDN'T... AN' HE WAS BEIN' NICE... OWW-W-W!

OH-OH... MUGGERS!.. I BETTER WHISTLE FOR CLANCY TO TAKE CARE O' THE VICTIM WHILE I SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT CATCHIN' ONE OF 'EM!

WHEEEEEE!

CLANCY, A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY, QUICKLY ANSWERS THE WHISTLE FOR HELP....

WHEEEEEE! WHOO!

SCATTER MEET LATER!

GOLLY!... CHICK!... HOPE HE.. DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.... IT'S... IT'S ALL FATHER'S FAULT... M-ME A "M-M-MUGGER"!

JERRY DARTS INTO A DARK, DIRTY ALLEY, HOPING TO ESCAPE, CHICK... HE IS TORTURED WITH REMORSE AT THE REALIZATION OF THE TERRIBLE THING HE HAS DONE!....

I DIDN'T REALIZE... IT'S FATHER'S FAULT TREATIN' ME LIKE I'M NO GOOD... I HAD TO GET EVEN... BUT I DON'T WANT TO... TO GO TO JAIL... AN' THAT POOR GUY... GOLLY HOW COULD THEY DO A THING LIKE THAT!....

AS CHICK RUNS BY THE TRASH CANS AN OLD CAN FALLS LOOSE!

WHAT?... JERRY... YOU...

A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE INNER CIRCLE CLUB HOUSE... JERRY TELLS CHICK AND CLANCY HIS STORY... WHY HE HAS CHANGED....

YOUR FATHER WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, JERRY. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN TO HELP!

YOU DON'T KNOW MY FATHER... HE'LL TELL YOU TO PUT ME IN JAIL... WAIT AND SEE... HE HATES ME!

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN THE NEXT MOMENT....

YOU YOUNG HOODLUM!... I KNEW YOU'D COME TO NO GOOD... BUT I'LL TEACH YOU!... YOU'VE BEEN PAMPERED LONG ENOUGH! I'LL BEAT SENSE INTO YOU BEFORE I LET YOU DISGRACE ME AGAIN!

CHESTER...CHESTER! DON'T HURT HIM!... HE'S GONE THROUGH ENOUGH!

THAT'S ALL YOU CARE ABOUT, BEIN' DISGRACED! YOU DON'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

WE'LL HAVE NONE O' THAT ME MAN A LIGHTER HAND AN' A SOFTER TONGUE IS WHAT Y'RE SON'S NEEDIN'

WHA-?... LET GO OF MY ARM! I KNOW WHAT MY SON NEEDS!... I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!

PERHAPS, SIR, YOU DON'T... JERRY WAS A GOOD KID UNTIL YOU STARTED TREATING HIM LIKE A HOODLUM!

A BY CAN'T STRIKE BACK AT HIS OWN FATHER... EVEN THOUGH HIS FATHER IS IN THE WRDNG. IT'S FATHERS LIKE YOU WHO FORCE 'EM TO GIT REVENGE IN OTHER WAYS. YOU SAY THEY'RE BAD SO THEY GO OUT AND BE BAD 'CAUSE ITS THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN GET EVEN.

I'M A GOOD FATHER... I ONLY PUNISH HIM WHEN HE NEEDS IT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT!

YOU BEAT AND PUNISH HIM EVERYTIME YOU ARE REPRIMANDED AT WORK! YOU ARE MAKING YOUR SON HATE YOU FOR THE SAME REASON YOU HATE YOUR BOSS!

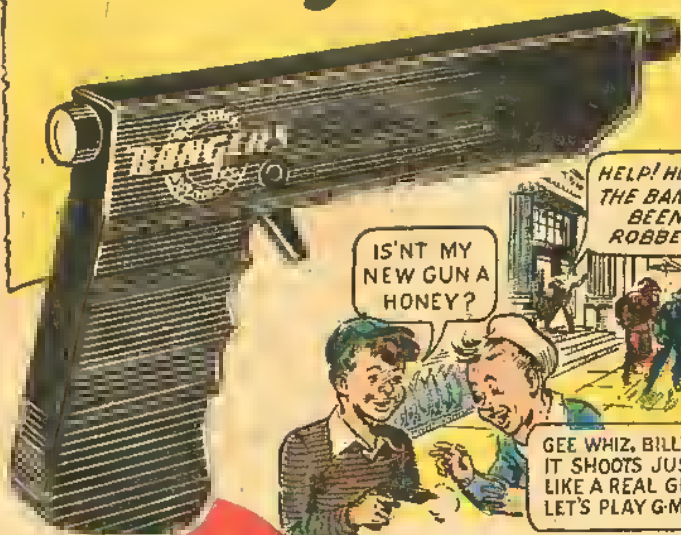
YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT SON, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY I SEE IT NOW.. MY FAULT... ALL MY.. FAULT... I'M A BIT CONFUSED... BUT... I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU BOY IT WILL BE DIFFERENT FROM NOW ON!

SURE DAD IT'S OKAY NOW LET'S FORGET IT, HUH! GOSH, MOM I'M HUNGRY!

LATER... WELL, CHICK ME B.Y... IT'S A GOOD BIT O' WORK WE DID THERE

THAT WE HAVE, CLANCY. ME FRIEND WITH A 'BIT O' UNDERSTANDIN' WE'VE SAVED ONE OTHER KID FROM BECOMIN' A DELINQUENT!

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ISN'T MY NEW GUN A HONEY?

HELP! HELP! THE BANK'S BEEN ROBBED!

LET'S GET OUT'A HERE BILLY!

WAIT, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

JEEZ! THE KID'S GOT A REAL GUN KILLER!

GEE WHIZ, BILLY! IT SHOOTS JUST LIKE A REAL GUN! LET'S PLAY G-MAN

GOOD WORK, BILLY. WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE CROOKS FOR A LONG TIME...

YOU FOOLED US, KID. I THOUGHT THAT GUN WAS A REAL ONE!

BILLY, YOU SAVED THE BANK. HERE'S YOUR REWARD!

THANK YOU MR. BANKER, BUT MY NEW GUN DESERVES THE CREDIT

OH BOY! I'M GOING TO SEND FOR MY GUN TODAY.

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